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TIME

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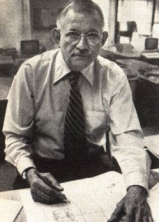
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In the production room on the 24th floor of the Time-Life Building in Manhattan, several writers were "greening"—pencil-ing out lines of their stories or adding a few to fit the space allotted to them. Trailing long galleys, the writers and other people on late duty constantly consulted the busy man on the high stool: Director of Computer Composition Robert Boyd. Whenever anything is about to go wrong at the end of the week—a misplaced sentence, a missing picture caption, an inexplicably overlong story—everyone knows that the man to see is Boyd. He can locate the sentence, rewrite the caption—even, it sometimes seems, mysteriously enlarge or shrink a page. As usual, Boyd was working round the clock till he discharged his last duty late on Saturday: sending instructions to the Chicago printers for each of TIME's eight international editions. It seemed to be a normal TIME closing last week, but it was the end of an era because Bob Boyd was retiring after 38 years at TIME.

BY TIM



ROBERT BOYD

Boyd joined TIME's picture department after working for *Newsweek* for five years. In addition to his picture duties, he eventually took charge of editorial production and a staff of 175 people. Gruff and authoritarian, he was also fair, compassionate, humorous and fiercely loyal to his staff. According to a co-worker, "Even those who didn't like him liked him." Boyd paid ceaseless attention to every detail, worked 100-hour weeks and was never sick. If a cold threatened, his procedure was to stay up all night so that it could not catch him unawares. Few of his staff were ever sick either—they didn't dare. Recalls one: "Boyd wouldn't recognize anything short of an amputation." Equally tireless away from work, Boyd over the years has run a program in the Catskills for neighboring kids as well as his own five children and seven grandchildren. He also skis, bicycles

and teaches handicraft and square dancing.

During his earlier years at TIME, Boyd oversaw a rather remarkable generation of copy boys, including TV Talk Show Host Dick Cavett, Author George Plimpton and TIME's present managing editor, Henry Anatole Grunwald. In a risky, highly unusual but apparently astute move, Boyd late one night asked Grunwald to green a story. "Perhaps he was testing me," recalls Grunwald today. TIME was later to test Boyd when he was told to become a computer expert and lead us into what Grunwald describes as the "promised land of interface and input" sans the jargon. We are almost there today, thanks to Boyd, who developed a sophisticated computer-driven editing and typesetting system that processes copy at a 4,200-word-per-minute clip. Actually, Boyd retired once before, but was asked to come back. His second retirement date seems scarcely more credible than the first, but he insists, "This is it."

Ralph P. Davidson

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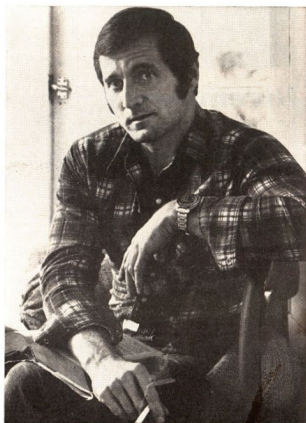
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The Death of the Invisible Man

To the Editors:

It is ironic that Billionaire Howard Hughes [April 19] suffered from malnutrition.

It is sadder still that he never really looked at the world in which he lived and made his fortune. The world of nature, of which he owned a great many acres, is a beautiful and fascinating place, which he seems to have overlooked entirely.

He was indeed a poor creature.

(Mrs.) Helen Miller
Rochester

Your article has certainly disproved the saying that "you can never be too rich or too thin."

Elaine C. Farrell
Hamden, Conn.

The psychological instability of Mr. Hughes makes one wonder what the oth-

er understood how valuable that is to someone who had nothing much to say anyway.

Philip Schacca
West Hempstead, N.Y.

If Terry Moore was validly married to Hughes and no legal divorce was obtained, she is Hughes' widow and entitled to dower or widow's interest. Hughes could not have divorced her simply by destroying a ship's log.

Norman L. Zemke
Southfield, Mich.

TIME reported Howard Hughes' holdings as being worth \$2.3 billion. If you converted this to cash and then invested it in municipal bonds yielding 7½% tax-free interest per year and started spending \$100 per day to lease a home, \$100 per day for servants, \$200 per day for living expenses, gave \$1,000 per day to charities, and bought and gave away six \$70,000 homes every day and six \$10,000 automobiles every day, and did all of this 365 days every year, you would be broke at the end of 55 years and four months.

Wilson H. Jennings
Seal Beach, Calif.

Possibly Hughes should have spent less time accumulating his billions and more time learning to spell. He added, in an excerpt of a memo TIME printed, a final e to the words "negro" and "potato." Money can't buy everything.

Stephen J. Coughlin
Iowa City, Iowa



er rich and influential corporate leaders of this country are like.

Paul Milley
Joliet, Ill.

I would like to see Howard Hughes' estate used to establish an institute for the study of megalomania. Perhaps we could learn what makes men so obsessed with money and power—and with enough research, we could learn how to help them.

Bruce Watson
Berkeley, Calif.

Mr. Hughes, one must admit, was most worth our notice when he was dedicated to making himself unnoticeable. His was not a life with much substance in it, having been most conspicuous for his dream of floating large bodies not quite airworthy, such as Jane Russell and that plywood transport.

His trick was in his silence, since

Carter's "Purity"

I am afraid that Jimmy Carter's ill-advised "ethnic purity" remarks [April 19] will not destroy his campaign, as did the public crying for Muskie or the "brainwashing" for Romney. A significant, albeit sad, majority of the American public has not yet lost its sympathy for racism.

James Burling
Clinton, N.Y.

Black leaders have unfairly interpreted Carter's remarks in a manner that cannot be justified in the light of his actual deeds. The man's whole public and private performance demonstrates conclusively that he is not a racist—closet or otherwise.

Thomas Smith
Missoula, Mont.

We who know Jimmy Carter have been laughing up our sleeves at the Yankees who call him a conservative. But all this fuss over his "ethnic purity"

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LaVerne Church, Auditor, U.S. Government, St. Louis, Missouri



James Violette, Department Supervisor
Advest Company, Hartford, Connecticut

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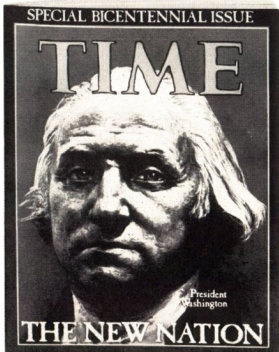


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TIME is about to publish a new Bicentennial special issue—THE NEW NATION—written as though TIME's reporters were on the scene the week of Sept. 26, 1789. That was the year we were putting together a new nation. The new Constitution became law. Our institutions and traditions were being invented from scratch. Just this week, the Bill of Rights was submitted to the states for approval. President Washington is being criticized for living too royally. (52 dozen bottles of fine wine for a recent dinner!)

You'll find out what's become of Benedict Arnold, John Paul Jones, old pamphleteer Tom Paine, hear about the mutiny aboard the H.M.S. Bounty and much, much more.

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automatic transmission, radial tires, a console full of gauges and more. Opel by Isuzu. If you'd like to get it, go see your Buick-Opel dealer.

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FORUM

statement is getting unfunny. Northern liberals have been insisting that ethnic awareness is to be valued. Why is it that when Jimmy says it he's racist?

Hilde L. Robinson
Athens, Ga.

Ethnic purity, ethnic treasure, ethnic heritage. What a goo of cognitive slipperiness! And we can expect another six months of this presidential punditry.

Mangesh R. Gaitonde, M.D.
Kansas City, Mo.

Subtle Racism

Five Spaniards are shot and the world reverberates in protest. Half a million Cambodians are liquidated [April 19], and I have yet to hear about a single campus commotion. Is it perhaps because of subtle racism? Doesn't condemning misdeeds in South Africa and not in Burundi imply expectations of higher standards of behavior on the part of the white regime? Yelling at Chile and dismissing non-Caucasian genocidal exercises hardly indicates an even concern. Yellow Cambodians seem to count for precious little.

Otto Ulé
Binghamton, N.Y.

Market Basket

Your food-price article [April 19] implies that farm prices are the exclusive factor in determining retail food prices. Please note that the farmer's share of the retail cost of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's "market basket" of foods is only 40%. Further, the farm-to-retail spread (marketing charges) increased 36% between 1973 and February 1976, while the farm value of those foods increased only 10%.

Carl Shafer
College Station, Texas

Postal Rates

You are to be commended for your efforts to bring into the public forum the need for Postal Service subsidies by the U.S. Government [April 19].

After all, the largest single user of the service is the U.S. Government—postage free.

My own experience with federal agencies and departments leads me to conclude that the degree of use by the U.S. Government has to be measured, not by the number of pieces, but by the number of tons daily.

Donald E. Field, Executive Director
Overall Economic Development
Committee of Cape Ann, Inc.
Gloucester, Mass.

Aplastic Anemia

Your article concerning Teddy DeVita and aplastic anemia [April 19] seemed to imply that if a victim was

This picture just proves something that any farmer who grows things for a living could tell you. You get big lettuce (or tomatoes or whatever) when you fertilize and you get dinky ones when

Scotts® Vegetable Garden Fertilizer holds some of its nitrogen back for later. Your seeds or seedlings get a good feeding to start with, then a little more every day to keep your crop growing.



Both heads of lettuce grown in the same garden. Look at the difference.

you don't. You can water and put down humus and compost and that's fine but it isn't the same as fertilizer.

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We use everything we make so we know what it will do. You will get more beans or extra tomatoes or bigger lettuce and that's a promise. Our guarantee says, "If for any reason you are not satisfied with results after using this product, you are entitled to get your money back."

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We'll be right here in Marysville, Ohio. You won't have to look for us.





At \$3,699, either this Fury is priced too low, or most of the competition is priced too high.

That base sticker price above, of course, excludes taxes, destination charges and \$71 for white sidewall tires and deluxe wheel covers. Even though, put it side-by-side against most of the cars in the mid-size field and you'll find this beautiful Fury comes with a very beautiful price advantage. And that's not the only place Fury beats the competition.

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23 mpg **16** mpg
hwy. city
E.P.A. estimates

In recent E.P.A. tests, a 6-cylinder* Fury, even with automatic transmission, got an estimated 23 mpg on the highway and 16 in the city. Of course, your mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car, and its optional equipment.

*6-cylinder model as priced and tested not available in California

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of in your new Fury is normal maintenance like changing filters and wiper blades. Our warranty takes care of everything else. Here's what it says: For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage.

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FORUM

not kept in an isolated room or did not mysteriously recover immediately after the onset of the illness, he would promptly meet death.

I am a 20-year old student at Indiana University and I acquired severe idiopathic aplastic anemia in October; my condition has not improved since. I am, however, living in a fraternity here and leading an active academic and social life. Of course, I am periodically examined and transfused at the I.U. Medical Center, but I am by no means living in a "glass cage."

Earl S. Wolfe
Bloomington, Ind.

Porno Chic

It has long been obvious that pornography [April 5] carries with it the seed of its own acceptance—that each new depth plumbed by the smut merchants makes the previous outrage seem a bit more acceptable. Porno chic gives way to sadomasochistic chic, which gives way to God knows what form of subhuman behavior.

As one who is in constant touch with antipornography forces throughout the nation, I can assure you that we are now closer to victory than at any time since the Warren Court opened wide the floodgates of obscenity upon an unprepared nation of decent citizens.

Charles H. Keating Jr., Chairman
Citizens for Decency Through Law
Cleveland

Oscar Grumbles

Robert Hughes' review of the 48th annual Academy Awards [April 12] bemoans the fact that Jacqueline Bisset is not Ava Gardner. Time passes, Mr. Hughes, and each decade must be judged on its own. Bogart, Cooper and Marilyn Monroe are gone. Let us enjoy Matthau, Nicholson and Elizabeth Taylor.

To say that "presumably no one believes that awards have a more than fortuitous connection with quality in film" is to insult the 3,200 voting motion-picture professionals in the academy, and the great films and artists that have won awards.

The Awards are the motion-picture community's peer recognition of significant achievement, not only for acting, but for cinematography, screenwriting, art direction and other arts and sciences that are necessary to create an artistically successful film.

We're sorry TIME's reviewer did not write about the awards as they are, but judged them against what he would like them to be.

Walter Mirisch, President
Academy of Motion Picture
Arts and Sciences
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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REPUBLICANS

Reagan's Startling Texas Landslide

"For weeks," cracked Ronald Reagan, "I've been whistling 'Nothin' could be finer than to be in Carolina.' I hope I can soon whistle 'The eyes of Texas are upon you.'"

He was not only able to whistle it, he sang it over the phone from Indiana to his supporters gathered at a victory party in Houston. By early Sunday it was clear that Reagan had won the Texas as primary in a startling landslide. He would probably win every one of the 96 delegates elected to the Republican National Convention and President Ford none at all. At best, in late returns, Ford could hope to salvage a few delegates. Reagan was ahead in the popular vote by some 2 to 1.

The Californian owed much of his victory to conservative Democrats who crossed over to vote Republican. Said G.O.P. Senator John Tower, Ford's Texas campaign chairman: "The Reagan organization, aided by former Wallace leaders, made a concerted and obviously successful effort to get Wallaceites into the Republican primary to support Governor Reagan." Even though the outcome was distorted by Democratic votes, it will provoke many agonizing doubts among campaign strategists at the White House.

Reagan had been favored to prevail in Texas, where nothing succeeds like conservative politics with a touch of cussedness. President Ford tried his best to be just as conservative and just as cussed, but Texans were obviously not convinced. In giving Reagan their votes, they also gave him a dramatic reprieve in his uphill fight for the nomination and delivered a jolting setback to Ford. Until Texas, he had been far ahead of Reagan in firm delegates, 268 to 137 (needed to nominate: 1,130).

Hard Issues. Reagan's victory seems to indicate that his Southern strategy is beginning to work. In eight primaries before Texas, he won only in North Carolina, losing to Ford not only in the North but also in Florida. He was counting on a rebound in the string of Southern primaries and caucuses in April and May. He did better than expected in Arizona. Even though Senator Barry Goldwater supported the President, Reagan won 27 of the 29 delegates chosen at last week's G.O.P. state convention. At the same time he picked up eleven of the 16 delegates in the Kentucky

caucuses. He is well ahead in this week's Georgia and Alabama primaries. While Ford had been considered leading in Arkansas and Tennessee, which hold primaries on May 25, Reagan's Texas win will give him a chance of overtaking the President there. With such victories, he would be a real challenger.

In Texas, Reagan's organization could not rival Ford's—an important consideration in a state where the Republican Party is organized haphazardly, if at all. In 44 of the state's 254 counties, Republicans simply cannot vote in the primaries because there are no polling booths for them. The President's staff installed central phone banks in 26 counties where some 88% of the G.O.P. vote is concentrated. Ford also outspent Reagan—\$450,000 to \$250,000; candidates for the Reagan slate, however, spent heavily on their own races.

But Reagan had the issues, and he played them for all they were worth. National security was one of Reagan's big winners. He charged that the U.S. had fallen dangerously behind the Soviet Union in military strength. He accused Secretary of State Henry Kissinger of "bowing and scraping" before the Russians because he had no faith in the American people and wanted to accommodate to what he considered to be the

Red wave of the future. Now Ford will be under increasing pressure from right-wing Republicans and a faction in the White House to dump Kissinger.

Reagan attacked Ford for cutting back on military bases and post offices while continuing to subsidize the United Nations. The U.S. contribution should be reduced at once, said Reagan. He also accused the President of planning to give away the Panama Canal to a "tinhorn dictator friend of Fidel Castro's. Personally, I would tell this jerk we bought it, we paid for it, and we are going to keep it." Ford replied that he had no intention of "giving away" the canal.

In a state where oil is king, Reagan also lambasted the bill signed by Ford in 1975 to roll back the price of domestic oil and to remove the \$2-per-bbl. tariff on imported oil. Reagan called for a repeal of the bill and an end to all price controls so that the U.S. would produce more oil and rely less on imports from the Middle East. "How many Texans will lose their jobs?" he demanded. "How many Texas plants will be closed during the next oil embargo?" In the oil-rich Panhandle, some producers felt betrayed by the President. "We thought Ford said he would veto the bill," complained an oil operator. "So a lot of us contracted for rigs, paid bonuses, leased land, and were ready to go. We had bet on him and we lost."

Breezy Candor. The President had his family working for him. Son Jack, 24, stumped the state with a breezy candor. With the Citizen's Band radio in her car, Betty found a new medium to project the Ford message (see MODERN LIVING). A fascinated Texas press picked up every word uttered by "First Mama." Reagan's family was less in evidence but equally hard-working. His wife Nancy spent six days in Texas, appearing on radio and TV interviews. Son Ron, 17, joined the press bus to gather information for a political science paper he was writing for school.

Conspicuously absent from Reagan's campaign—or Ford's—was any salute to the last Republican elected President. Ford did not even mention Nixon's name, substituting instead "my predecessor" or "Lyndon Johnson's successor." Explained the President: "It is better for all of us just not to remind ourselves of that unfortunate period."



REAGAN FLAPS PANCAKES IN ABILENE
With a boost from Wallaceites.



TED THOMAS

DEMOCRATS/COVER STORIES

Jimmy Carter's Big Breakthrough

The 1976 script called for the longest, most grueling run of Democratic primaries and caucuses in U.S. history. In an effort to make the selection system more open, the Democrats had rewritten their ground rules for campaigning and Congress drastically tightened the laws on financing. Nearly a dozen serious candidates, some household names and others almost unknown, had formally entered the fray. On the sidelines hovered two of the party's most formidable figures. According to all the conventional wisdom, the process was going to be a marathon shambles, producing nearly five months of furious activity but probably settling nothing.

Suddenly, only a third of the way through the obstacle course, the race was all but over. Starting out 17 months ago with no national political base, name recognition or backing from powerful interest groups, onetime Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter had carved out on his own a broad constituency of small-town and rural voters, blue-collar ethnics, white-collar suburbanites, inner-city blacks. Week after week, winning primaries in the North, South and Midwest, he steadily thinned the ranks of his rivals. Last week by triumphing decisively and against formidable odds in Pennsylvania's pivotal primary, he all but crushed his remaining opposition, including Democratic Senior Statesman Hubert Humphrey.

The votes had hardly been counted when James Earl Carter Jr., one of the most phenomenal politicians to rise on the American political scene in this century, was talking about what kind of a

President he would be. In an interview last week, he mused to TIME Correspondent Dean E. Fischer: "Most of my attitude toward Government is very aggressive. I wouldn't be a quiescent or a timid President."

Then he talked about his heroes. "My favorite modern President is Harry Truman. He exemplified the kind of Administration I would like to have," Carter said that he admired Truman's honesty, vision in foreign policy and "closeness with the American people." He also has a high regard for John Kennedy as a "much more inspirational President" than Truman, and for Lyndon Johnson's deep concern for the poor and the weak and his skill in pushing legislation through Congress. He spoke of Winston Churchill as the pre-eminent leader of our time, of Charles de Gaulle as uniquely expressing "the ideals and hopes and pride of the French," and of Mohandas Gandhi as the embodiment of "quiet courage."

Obviously no mortal can hope to exhibit all of these qualities, though some of Carter's detractors wonder whether he knows that. No matter; in the euphoria of last week, most things must have seemed possible to Jimmy Carter, as he rode the crest of his campaign for the presidency. So certain was he, with good reason, of winning the Democratic nomination at Madison Square Garden in July that he began making a list of whom he might choose as a running mate. He says that his most important considerations are to pick someone who is qualified to step up as President if necessary, a person "compatible with me on basic issues

and general philosophy" and offering "some sort of geographical or other balance on the ticket." According to insiders at the Democratic National Committee, Carter's list includes two liberal U.S. Senators: Minnesota's Walter F. Mondale and Illinois's Adlai E. Stevenson. Choosing either would strengthen Carter with liberals and party hierarchs, the two groups that have remained most aloof from him.

But they are not likely to do so much longer. Like other Democrats, liberals and party leaders most want a winner, which Carter persuasively showed himself to be last week. His twelve-point margin in Pennsylvania proved conclusively that he could topple tough opposition in a big Northern industrial state. In Texas, his come-from-behind victory over Senator Lloyd M. Bentsen showed that not even a popular favorite son could slow the Carter bandwagon. The overwhelming successes—he has won eight of the first ten primaries—stunned old-line political leaders.

His victories all but eliminated the other Democratic candidates. He had long ago knocked out George Wallace, drubbing him in Florida and North Carolina. Henry Jackson was humiliated in Pennsylvania, where he had expected to sweep to victory with heavy union and political-machine support. At week's end he decided to drop out of the race. "I will remain a candidate and I do not intend to endorse any other candidate at this time," said Scoop to a group of supporters. "I am a realist. Simply stated, we are out of money." Asked to assess Carter's chances for the nomination, Jackson declared frankly: "He



TIME POLL

Startling Surge for Carter

If the presidential election were held now, Jimmy Carter would defeat Gerald Ford by 48% to 38% of the vote. Just seven weeks ago, after the Florida primary, Ford would have beaten Carter, 46% to 38%. The extraordinary shift in voter sentiment was a stunning measure of how far the Georgian had come by last week, just after his Pennsylvania victory.

By 50% to 27%, moreover, U.S. voters want to see a Democrat elected as the next President, provided both candidates are of equal stature and competence. Voters—Republicans, Democrats and Independents—consider Carter the strongest possible Democratic candidate: 48% see Carter that way, v. 34% for Humphrey and 3% for Jackson. At the same time, Americans split evenly, 41% to 41%, with 19% uncertain, on whether the Democrat or the Republican will win in November.

These are the principal findings of a poll conducted for TIME last week by Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc., the opinion-research firm. The results were gathered in telephone interviews with a representative, national sample of 1,011 registered voters in the two days immediately following the Pennsylvania primary. Most of the interviews were taken before Humphrey announced he would not actively campaign and all of them before Jackson dropped out, so that, if anything, the poll may underestimate Carter's strengths.

The poll also indicates that there is still some vulnerability in Carter's position. Even with Pennsylvania behind him, Carter was the choice of a minority of his own party (39%, v. 59% for some other candidate). If they were voting on the basis of economic, defense and foreign policy issues alone, more Democrats would prefer Humphrey over Carter.

Still, the pace of Carter's ascendancy has been breathtaking. Before the New Hampshire primary, he was unknown to 55% of the electorate; now he is known to 82% and viewed as accept-

is an open-field runner at this time."

Morris Udall, the primaries' perpetual runner-up, pushed on with characteristic good humor, but nobody took his candidacy very seriously. Latecomers Frank Church and Jerry Brown were still in the running, but some political analysts speculated that Brown at best was running for Vice President and Church perhaps for Secretary of State.

That left only Hubert Humphrey. After Pennsylvania, his telephones almost jangled off the hook as old friends begged him to step out of the sidelines and plunge into active campaigning. They pleaded that only he could stop Carter, whom many organization Democrats mistrust as an unknown and untested outsider. Time and again Humphrey met with longtime supporters and then pondered his decision one night.

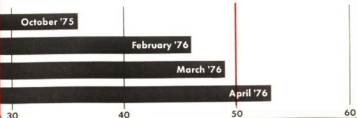
Next day, looking exhausted, he flabbergasted friends by announcing that he had decided to stay out, but would still hold himself available in the "unlikely" event of a convention deadlock. The old (64) warrior explained that

able by 59%. Based on answers from the people who were polled, the Carter phenomenon seems the result of two factors: 1) the hunger for a Democratic candidate who can win in November and 2) the search for an indefinable quality of moral leadership at a time when 61% of the respondents feel something is morally wrong in the nation. That search for moral leadership promises to be Carter's strongest asset against Ford. Of those voters who feel something is morally wrong in the nation, 54% said they would vote for Carter in November, while 31% would support Ford. Another factor in Carter's favor is the extraordinary attention voters are paying this year to "the man" rather than the issues.

Two potential stumbling blocks for

OPTIMISM ADVANCES

PERCENT OF PEOPLE WHO FEEL THINGS ARE GOING WELL IN THE COUNTRY



TIME Chart by Paul S. Fugase

he lacked the money and organization to mount his fourth campaign for the White House. Nor did he relish the possibility of another defeat.

Thus, the field was left to Jimmy Carter. Barring some unforeseen twist, he will be the Democrats' 1976 nominee. There was, at first, no stampede among party leaders to board his bandwagon. New Jersey Governor Brendan T. Byrne called on all 37 fellow Democratic Governors to unify the party by getting behind Carter, but initially drew no response. Still, no one seriously thought that Carter could be stopped.

Said a top staff member of the Democratic National Committee: "Carter's the winner. His only problem will be maintaining interest in his campaign through the rest of the primaries." Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley called any lingering thoughts of a brokered convention "hogwash." President Ford, who was badly set back in Texas, agreed: "The only way I can see that they could stop him now is to have a smoke-filled room, brokered convention, and I think the public would object to that."

Ford was surprised by the events. He had long predicted that the Democratic nominee would be Humphrey and was obviously disappointed when he bowed out. It would have been easier to fight familiar old Hubert and his familiar liberal ideas before an electorate that has grown weary and suspicious of still more Government programs. A strong economy, highly probable in the third and fourth quarters, would have helped Ford more against Humphrey than it may against Carter. The White House was plainly scared of his winning appeal as an outsider crusading against the old pols and summoning Americans to believe in the nation's basic strength and decency. Ford has not devised a strategy for running against Carter, except to stress his own "proven record" against the Georgian's comparative inexperience. Said the President: "Well, we don't really know what Jimmy Carter stands for."

There was still the possibility that Carter might make a major gaffe that would cost him the nomination. Said he: "It would be unlikely for me to be stopped unless I make a mistake." In-

deed, Carter—much like George McGovern in 1972—has burst onto the national scene so quickly that he has not yet undergone many political stress tests. With the single exception of his "ethnic purity" remark, from which he recovered quickly, he has escaped the blunders that have buried candidates in the past. But if he should stumble, many of the party's elders—whose first choice Carter clearly is not—will push Humphrey again.

Taking nothing for granted, Carter viewed his big victories in Pennsylvania and Texas as only the completion of the first phase of his campaign. Phase Two will involve consolidating and expanding his support by campaigning in all of the remaining contests—28 primaries and caucuses. His opponents are not active in many primary states, and they will have a tough time raising campaign money.

Carter may not win them all, of course. This week Alabama is expected loyally to hand Governor George Wallace most of its 35 delegates. Next week, in Nebraska, Carter faces Church, who

If the election were held today,
whom would you choose between
Democrat Carter and Republican Ford?

Jimmy Carter 48%
Gerald Ford 38%
Not sure 14%

Carter—issues that seemed likely to make voters uneasy—have not materialized. Despite the brief uproar over his "ethnic purity" remarks, a strong 62% of the voters regard him as a fair person on racial issues. And 50% of the voters do not consider Carter's intense religious convictions a factor in the election; 32% believe such views are an asset; only 8% are worried by them.

On the Republican side, Gerald Ford has steadily improved his position against Ronald Reagan. Among Republicans and Independents, Ford is now the choice of 62%, v. 25% for Reagan. Seven weeks ago, it was Ford 56%, Reagan 28%. Among all voters, confidence in Ford's handling of two basic policy is-

ssues is reasonably strong. Almost three out of four voice some or a lot of confidence in his management of the economy and inflation. Two out of three express some or a lot of confidence in his conduct of foreign affairs. At the same time, the Reagan campaign has been hurting Ford by generating concern about U.S. military power compared with Russia's. One out of two voters are worried about the state of U.S. military power and consider it a major issue.

With Carter running strong on "moral leadership" and Reagan chipping away at Ford on the defense issue, the President becomes increasingly dependent on an improved economy as his greatest strength. But while the econ-

omy is gaining, voters perceive the rate of progress as slowing. The share of people who say they feel economic stress—worry about paying off bills or losing jobs—dropped from a high of 36% last June to 30% in October; since then, the index has shown no real improvement. Last week it stood at 29%.

On the brighter side, last October little more than one-third of the voters said that things were going well in the country. Now, for the first time since the TIME-Yankelovich polls started two years ago, more than half the people (53%) share that belief. That may work in Ford's favor. Among those who share this optimism, 48% would vote for him and only 39% for Carter.

THE NATION

is concentrating much of his money and personal campaigning on the state in hopes of scoring an upset. In Maryland, where Carter took on Brown on May 18, he now leads, but Brown, who declared his candidacy only two months ago, received a tumultuous welcome during his first campaign foray to the state last week. His organization had planned for about 500 supporters at a reception at the Baltimore Hilton; 2,500 showed up. Said Brown, whose background as a Jesuit seminarian makes him Carter's equal in quoting Scripture: "It has been written that the first shall be last and the last shall be first."

Carter's muscle was amply displayed last Saturday in the Texas primary. Favorite Son Lloyd Bentsen had spent years setting up a statewide political organization, and his delegate slates included many of Texas' best

the Civil War. And he got off one of his few campaign quips: "We ought to tell the Georgians that we finally won in Gettysburg."

In all, he carried 37% of the Pennsylvania vote to Jackson's 25%, Udall's 19% and a mere 11% for George Wallace. Though Jackson had predicted that regardless of how the popular vote went, he would win the largest share of the delegates, Carter got 64 delegates v. only 19 for Scoop, who finished not only behind Uncommitted (46) but also behind Udall (22).

Carter's strength in the heavily unionized western Pennsylvania steel-mill country—in the face of all-out opposition from union and party leaders—was startling. Among union members, he beat Jackson 36% to 27%, according to the New York Times/CBS News poll. Moaned Ernie Rewolinski of Harris-

Yet Carter won chiefly by his own skillful campaigning. He spent far more time (eleven days) in Pennsylvania than he had in New York and Massachusetts, two states where he had finished a dismal fourth. He benefited from a swelling corps of volunteers, enthusiasts slightly older than but nonetheless reminiscent of the "Children's Crusade" of the 1968 campaign of Eugene McCarthy. They swarmed in from Florida, Illinois, New Hampshire and other states where Carter has campaigned, and, of course, from Georgia. In Pennsylvania, they canvassed by telephone, passed out campaign pamphlets and, most important, worked the polls on primary day, explaining the complicated ballot and pointing out the Carter delegates to voters. A group of about 50 volunteers, assigned to the Pittsburgh area, slept on rented Army cots set up in a funeral parlor that had gone out of business.

The Southerner's supposed "ethnic purity" gaffe may actually have helped him: the controversy over the remark kept Carter on front pages and on television news programs for days. His money-starved opponents could not compete with Carter in paid TV advertising. None of the candidates has collected matching funds since the Federal Election Commission temporarily went out of business. But Carter, since his Wisconsin primary victory, has found it easier to raise money than either Jackson or Udall, both of whom have been dogged by "loser" images. Additionally, Carter has an efficient fund-raising operation, led by Alabama Lawyer Morris Dees, the former McGovern finance director whose direct-mail operations reached hundreds of thousands of contributors to previous Democratic campaigns. Since the federal fund cutoff on March 23, Carter contributions have topped \$600,000, far more than the amounts raised by Jackson and Udall.

After the Pennsylvania primary, the TIME-Yankelovich poll showed that Carter had achieved a new status in the minds of voters: he is no longer considered just one of the pack but a man who, at least for the moment, has a fair chance of beating Ford. Thus people are beginning to examine him even more closely and critically. They may be familiar with his basic biography: the rearing in rural Plains, Ga.; education at Annapolis (where he ranked 59th in a class of 809); his brief career in the Navy (in which he served under his idol, Admiral Hyman Rickover); success as a peanut farmer and wholesaler; his rise as a state politician and now, at 51, a national figure. There also seems to be something unknowable about him, an inner man that has not been—and may never be—revealed.

That mystery in Carter may be a small part of the answer to a large question that perplexes so many Americans, including a good many politicians and professional politician watchers who are



THE CANDIDATE ABOARD CAMPAIGN PLANE DURING A TRIP TO TEXAS
"I wouldn't be a quiescent or a timid President."

known Democrats. Carter spent only a few days in the state, and offered this blunt message: "The only choice is between one who can be President and one who wants to broker or horse trade delegates." In the end, Carter crushed Bentsen, winning 93 of the 98 delegate contests.

His margin in Texas was obviously widened by his victory four days earlier in Pennsylvania. Though many analysts had thought that Carter's love-and-compassion theme would not go over well in the raucous atmosphere of steel-and-coal towns, he captured 65 of 67 Pennsylvania counties. He lost only in Philadelphia, which Mayor Frank L. Rizzo's machine carried for Jackson, and in Philadelphia's liberal suburban Montgomery County, which went to Udall. Carter was particularly delighted that he carried Gettysburg, site of the bloodiest battle of

burg, a union leader who ran as an uncommitted delegate: "The Carter people knocked me right off. People are more sophisticated than they used to be. They headed straight for the presidential candidate."

Indeed, labor's efforts on behalf of Jackson were uncommonly inept. While praising him, many labor leaders made clear that their hearts were really with Humphrey. Voters were turned off by their perception of Jackson as a surrogate for Humphrey, as well as by Jackson's dull, plodding campaign and his shrill and far-fetched effort to blame Carter for Pennsylvania's high unemployment rate. Scoop may have been hurt by his identity with the labor-political establishment. Rizzo's support was a mixed blessing because the mayor is unpopular in much of the state. Neither the faction-ridden state party nor the slow-starting labor machine was able to mount effective support for Jackson.



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President, College Entrance
Examination Board

Since our earliest days as a nation, we have esteemed universal education. Our schools and colleges have been the rootstock of our democracy. Jefferson wrote:

"I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion."

Until very recent times our institutions of education were accepted as inviolable. Teachers and professors were held as the stewards of truth and beauty, and the rightness of education was taken for granted. Economists calculated as recently as the 1960's that between 23 and 40 per cent of our growth in real national income was attributable to education.

Yet the past twenty years have brought sharp criticism upon education. Schools and colleges are being held accountable for

unfulfilled expectations that our society asks of its education system.

We in education must remind ourselves that this generation of critics is a product of our system. We taught them to question the status quo; we encouraged their hope and aspiration for all; we trained them to seek reform through the democratic process. We have let them abide with the myth that education conquers all.

When the democratic process seems unresponsive and frustrating, when deep social problems remain unconquered—education, we hear, has failed.

It is now time for reconciliation. The schools and colleges must listen more closely and respond more quickly to the evolutionary expectations of the American people and they must work harder, with a deeper sense of urgency to fulfill those hopes.

Education and work in the American society have become separate and alienated from each other. This divorcement, I believe, lies at the heart of our discontent. They must be



brought back together for all ages of learners, and for all kinds of educational institutions.

Today, enlightened leaders in business, labor and industry have begun to take part in the education of our people, not merely as taxpayers, advisors or consultants, but as *working companions* to teachers and professors.

The schools and colleges have no monopoly on the development of the young. But they are responsible for the transmission of our cul-

but our system needs some important changes."



tural and intellectual heritage, and the academic skills necessary thereto. They must reaffirm and sustain the standards of intellectual excellence which have been entrusted to them. They must find the exquisite balance between enduring and immutable academic and social standards and the response to the call for reform.

This is not impossible, but it is not easy. It is the evolving nature of a free society in which the job of informing the discretion of the people is more complex

than even the genius of Jefferson could have imagined.



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Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

unaccustomed to perplexity in such matters: What is the magic, the secret, the explanation, of Carter's astonishing success with the electorate so far? Certainly there is the smile, the courtly Southern charm, the flattering intensity with which he talks—and listens—to individuals. There is his reassuring sense of himself, his evident intelligence, his successful projection of worthy goals beyond his own private ambitions. Then, of course, he lacks the scars of national politics; he seems free of entanglements with party bosses, special interests and power blocs. His is a fresh political face at a time when there seems much weariness with familiar ones.

Such obvious elements do not, however, satisfy the perplexed, who feel there must be more to Carter's public chemistry. Undoubtedly there is. Part of it may be his quietness. Carter's words on paper sometimes can seem banal or even inflammatory; the spoken tone is appealing. Many of the young seem drawn to him partly because, unlike so many of their elders, he does not belittle them. All sorts of other Americans find parts of Jimmy Carter they seem able to identify with, and he promotes his man-of-many-parts image assiduously. And Carter wears his hard-won successes easily, without letting his pride slip into an unseemly boastfulness.

On a deeper level, Carter's call for a moral revival of sorts seems to have struck home in the American psyche, vintage 1976. Battered by the Viet Nam War, Watergate, scandals and abuses in high places, many Americans clearly welcome Carter's confidence in them and the worth of their country, and his soft-spoken promise to restore a moral purpose to national life. If the economy continues to improve and no foreign scares intervene, this spiritual issue could transcend all others this year.

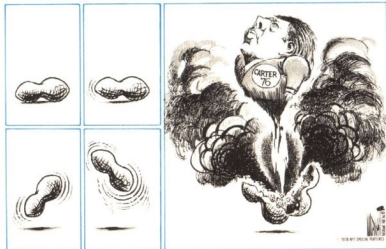
Whatever the alchemy at work, Carter fascinates some people and bewilders others, arousing both great confidence and, particularly among some Northern liberals, deep skepticism. Most politicians, journalists and others who see him close up come away convinced that he has a first-class mind. Some are also repelled by the cold self-assurance.

Michael Novak, a Catholic theologian and perceptive analyst of U.S. politics, wrote recently in the *Washington Post*: "The source of discomfort is that they [Northerners] do not know at first hand the pressures that shaped him, his inner demons and his inner angels. They can't confidently imagine scenarios of various pressures upon him and predict how he will act. He is, from his point of view, an outsider breaking in on their world. But they are, from their point of view, outsiders who can't quite understand what makes him tick."

Nothing arouses more fascination, suspicion and questions than Carter's deep-seated religious convictions. He contends that he does not inject them



"Well, what do you think?"



into his campaigning. But the two are inescapably intertwined, producing a blend of William Jennings Bryan's religious fervor and Woodrow Wilson's moral idealism.

The U.S. has perhaps 40 million Protestant Evangelicals, both black and white, and they are the fastest growing element in American Christianity (see RELIGION). They also constitute a natural constituency for Carter, responding enthusiastically to his frequent use of words and phrases that identify him as one of them: love, brotherhood, decen-

cy, purity, compassion. His preaching of traditional moral values also appeals to many others, notably blue-collar Catholic "ethnics." Typically, a black clergyman in Philadelphia praised him as a man "with a Bible in one hand and a ballot box in the other."

To skeptics, Carter's language often sounds like a pious façade. That, decidedly, is not the case. To Carter, his religion has always been a central and natural part of his life—"like breathing," as he says. Like many Southerners, he finds no contradiction in mixing an earthy appreciation of the good, secular life with the harder demands of Evangelicalism. But while religion has always been an integral part of his makeup, he dates his life as a spiritually reborn Christian only from 1967.

As Carter and his sister, Evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton (TIME, April 26), tell the story, he was upset over losing

his first bid for Governor and was questioning his personal values and goals. In the course of his search for meaning, he took a long walk with his sister in the pine woods near his 200-acre peanut farm. Recalls Carter: "Ruth asked me if I would give up anything for Christ, if I would give up my life and my possessions—everything. I said I would. Then she asked if I would be willing to give up politics. I thought a long time and had to admit that I would not." His sister warned that until he could, he would be plagued with self-doubts. Stapleton says that Carter cried during the conversation, but he has no such recollection. In any event, the experience led directly to his being "born again." Says he: "I

"In the third chapter of John's Gospel, Jesus tells the Pharisee Nicodemus that only those who are spiritually 'born again' will enter the kingdom of God. The passage—and the phrase—are favorites of Evangelical Protestants; their faith emphasizes the personal experience of turning to Christ.

THE NATION



SCOOP JACKSON, WITH HIS WIFE, CONCEDING IN PENNSYLVANIA

established a more intimate relationship with Christ. I developed a deeper sense of inner peace."

Thereafter, he traveled to other parts of Georgia and to Pennsylvania and Massachusetts "to witness among people who don't know about Christ." To questioners, he says that in politics he claims no "special relationship" with God. Says Carter: "I don't pray to God to let me win an election, I pray to ask God to let me do the right thing." As Governor, he prayed often, on his knees, in the seclusion of a small private room next to his office.

Carter is not a strict Evangelical. When he was Governor, he outraged some Southern Baptist clergymen by calling Georgia's ban on Sunday liquor sales hypocritical because many people patronized bootleggers on the Sabbath. One of his first acts was to end the pompous religious service that his predecessor as Governor, Lester Maddox, held in the state house every morning. Carter thought that the service was pointless.

The prime source of his belief is the Bible, but he reads it somewhat critically. Says he: "I find it difficult to question Holy Scripture, but I admit that I do have trouble with Paul sometimes, especially when he says that a woman's place is with her husband, and that she should keep quiet and cover her head in church. I just can't go along with him on that." Carter also has read deeply from the works of religious thinkers such as Reinhold Niebuhr, Karl Barth, Paul Tillich and Søren Kierkegaard and quotes from them. In particular, he is fond of this sentence from Niebuhr: "The sad duty of politics is to es-



UDALL BEING CONSOLED BY HIS WIFE

tablish justice in a sinful world."

Some critics suggest that if he were elected, Carter's religious life might intrude on his acts as President; the objection echoes the fears that were raised about John F. Kennedy's Catholicism. Like Kennedy, Carter vows a strict separation of church and state, and denies that there is any conflict between the two. Says he: "The Bible says, 'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.' It doesn't say you have to live two lives. It doesn't say you have to be two people." On the contrary, he maintains that his religious convictions "will make me a better President."

Some detractors regard Carter's ambition as exceeding even the generous quota to be expected of any presidential candidate. In Carter's case, there is an almost total humorlessness and an implacable quality to the pursuit of all his goals. Says a Georgia government official who knows him well: "He's got rock-hard, iron-hard confidence. He's like twisted steel cable inside." Trying to reassure an audience in Green Bay, Wis., that he was not dangerously ambitious, Carter pointed out that he had not always wanted to be President. Said he, in all seriousness: "When I was at Annapolis, the only thing I wanted to be was Chief of Naval Operations." Later, as a junior officer aboard the submarine *Pomfret*, he doggedly refused to be kept from his duties by seasickness. Recalls Warren Colegrove, who was the ship's engineering officer: "He'd take his [vomit] bucket with him to the bridge. He was a gutsy guy."

But the inner qualities that give rise to his driving ambition, iron will and unmovable adherence to moral principles are also the source of what he admits is a major failing: his reluctance to compromise. His rigidity caused him repeated trouble with the Georgia legislature. In 1974, while pressuring the legislators to pass a consumer protection bill, he scornfully described them as the worst in the state's history. Outraged, they stopped work for several days and bitterly complained until Carter retreated

from his harsh words. But he stopped short of an apology. Indeed, Carter's refusal to yield on some points nearly caused the defeat of his major accomplishment as Governor—streamlining the state government by reducing the number of agencies from about 300 to 22. Recalls a top Georgia politician: "He couldn't pass any of his reorganization bill. We had to get it passed for him—or about 60% of it anyway." More recently, Carter—who admits to being "pretty rigid"—showed his stubborn streak by not backing off from his offensive language in the "ethnic purity" flap until he was clearly in danger of losing much of his black support.

Like most politicians, Carter is a professional collector of people. At one time or another, he has described as "good friends of mine" such retiring folks as Edward Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, Golda Meir, Henry Kissinger, Bob Dylan and Burt Reynolds. There is probably no more bizarre relationship in American politics than the one that exists between him and Hunter Thompson, author of *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72* and other boozy, spaced-out analyses of the American body politic. Thompson met Carter in 1974 at a University of Georgia Law Day ceremony, where Carter gave an off-the-cuff speech. So impressed was Thompson by the speech that he got a tape recording of it, which he often plays at odd hours of the night.

In that address, Carter said in part: "One of the sources for my understanding about the proper application of criminal justice and the system of equity is from reading Reinhold Niebuhr.... The other source of my understanding about what's right and wrong in this society is from a friend of mine, a poet named Bob Dylan. After listening to his records.... I've learned to appreciate the dynamism of change in a modern society." Carter went on to scold the lawyers and judges in the audience for not caring more about the legal and moral rights of society's underdogs. He praised Martin Luther King Jr., "who was perhaps despised by many in this room because he shook up our social structure.... and demanded simply that black citizens be treated the same as white citizens." Added Carter: "As a farmer, I'm not qualified to assess the characteristics of the 9,100 inmates in the Georgia prisons, 50% of whom ought not to be there. They ought to be on probation or under some other supervision.... I don't know, it may be that poor people are the only ones who commit crimes, but I do know that they are the only ones who serve prison sentences."

Though he speaks almost mystically of the "intense friendships" that he has formed with Americans almost everywhere, Carter has few real cronies, and



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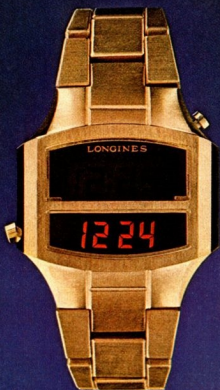
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he keeps even them at arm's length. He shares his most intimate thoughts and feelings with only one person—his wife Rosalynn. Says Gerald Rafshoon, an Atlanta friend who handles Carter's campaign advertising: "You don't get that close to Jimmy because he retreats. His wife Rosalynn is his best friend." With her he is unabashedly affectionate, holding her hand at almost every opportunity. Says a friend: "You can tell they were high-school sweethearts."

Nonetheless, Carter judiciously uses the advice of old campaign associates. Among them: Campaign Manager Jordan, Press Secretary Jody Powell, Adman Rafshoon, Campaign Treasurer R. J. Lipshutz and Charles Kirbo, a top Atlanta lawyer. With Carter three years ago, they drew up what he calls his "careful, detailed, meticulous" plan to win the presidency. They began by methodically researching every presidential election since World War II and reading almost every major book about

one-man campaign. On a recent trip, his official party consisted of four low-level aides (and ten reporters).

As a campaigner, he comes across as intelligent, quick and deeply informed, with a good grasp of most issues, though he is weakest on foreign policy. "I've got a lot to learn, and I know it," he repeats to groups of supporters, "but I think I am able to learn from good friends like you." His interests range far beyond politics. He is well read; his favorite authors include James Agee, William Faulkner and Dylan Thomas, though most recently Carter has concentrated on politics, philosophy, history, foreign affairs, taxation policy and the like. His tastes in music range from Dmitri Shostakovich to Dylan. While politicking, his energy and concentration are legendary. Campaigning recently in Mississippi, he shook the hand of a department-store mannequin. He recovered gracefully by quipping to an aide: "Better give her a brochure too."

few key people in the current Administration. For example, he has a high regard for fellow Southerner David Mathews, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. But two present Cabinet members would be certain to go: Agriculture's Earl Butz and State's Henry Kissinger. He would disappoint many fervent backers who expect some patronage for their troubles. (Almost always as Governor, he reached outside the circle of his close supporters to fill important state posts.)

Though he is wary of the press, he would probably have more press conferences than any recent President. His dealings with Congress almost certainly would be stormy. For one thing, his plan to streamline the Federal Government, much as he reorganized Georgia's state government, could involve him in a bloody battle with Congress and the bureaucrats. But to persuade the Senators and Representa-

EDDIE ADAMS



CARTER WALKING ACROSS THE FIELDS OF HIS FARM OUTSIDE PLAINS, GA., DURING A DAY OFF FROM CAMPAIGNING
A call for a moral revival of sorts that seems to have struck home in the American psyche.

U.S. Presidents and campaigning. Carter studied voting trends and population patterns in all 435 congressional districts. The plan called for entering all of the primaries and caucuses on the assumption that he could create enough momentum in the early contests to breeze through the later ones. It was an amazingly accurate forecast of what indeed happened.

Associates find Carter to be a demanding boss but one who readily delegates authority. Says Rafshoon: "He doesn't get involved in details or try to do your work for you. He expects the best possible work; if he doesn't get it, he gets rid of you." Rarely does Carter lose his temper. When something goes wrong, says Rafshoon, "he becomes cold and methodical."

Carter always has campaigned as something of a loner. Other candidates usually have large entourages of hirelings and hangers-on. Not Carter. To an astonishing degree, he is conducting a

Carter's single-mindedness and occasional self-righteousness raise questions about what he might be like as President. If he failed to get his own way, how would he react? Could he handle the give-and-take of diplomatic negotiations? Would he be able to compromise with Congress? Would he rather, in his own words, "go down in flames" than modify his own convictions? If he were as unbending as he professes to be, his disillusionment and frustration in the White House could be acute. Woodrow Wilson defied the Senate in his zealous crusade for the League of Nations; ultimately, he was destroyed by the relentless pursuit of his dream.

Reports TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud, who has covered the Carter campaign since before the New Hampshire primary:

"As President, Carter would probably be far more liberal than many people now suspect. His appointments would often be surprising. He might retain, at least for a transitional period, a

tives to end their opposition to reorganization and his other pet projects, he would put pressure on them by making frequent—and perhaps very effective—appeals to the voters."

On defense and foreign policy, he has promised to reduce—on a phased basis—much of the American military presence overseas. He would pull American troops out of Korea in five to seven years. He would begin to reduce, though not eliminate, the U.S. military commitment in Europe. He would seek closer relations with Third World countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America, as well as with traditional allies in Europe and Japan. Détente with the Soviets probably would continue, but with demands for them to make more concessions to the U.S. He thinks the U.S. defense budget could be cut by about \$7 billion a year, chiefly through eliminating bureaucratic waste and some expensive weapons systems, such as the B-1 bomber. But, because he believes that the U.S. fleet is becoming inferior to Russia's, he

would accelerate naval shipbuilding, including the nuclear, missile-firing Trident submarine.

On the U.S. economy, Carter would give highest priority to reducing unemployment, primarily by stressing job creation in private business rather than huge public employment programs. But, if all else failed, Government would be the employer of last resort (the stresses the last). His goals are a 4% rate for both unemployment and inflation and a balanced budget by 1979. To expand the economy, he advocates more stimulative fiscal policies and speedier growth in the money supply. At the same time, he would ask for stand-by authority to impose wage and price controls on key industries if inflation threatened to get out of hand. To provide more effective planning of the national economy, Carter wants budgeting handled on a three-year basis. As he did in Georgia, he would put almost every Government program on a temporary basis, and every year or two require bureaucrats to justify the need for them.

Carter has promised an overhaul of U.S. income taxes, but has not disclosed details. It probably would involve eliminating most deductions and tax shelters and lowering the tax rates. This would tend to increase taxes for people with many deductions or sheltered income but lower them for everyone else. He proposes a nationwide health plan that would place federal controls over doctors' fees and hospital charges and provide mandatory health insurance for every American, financed from general tax revenues and a payroll tax shared by workers and employers. He would have the Federal Government pay more of the costs of welfare but not take it over entirely. He supports registering all handguns, reducing penalties for the use of marijuana and passage of the Equal Rights Amendment.

It is a long, long time from May to November, and Carter could be tripped up by any one of many imponderables—a slip of the tongue, an unpopular stand on an issue or, of course, the voters' rejection of him. But these are the hazards of the trade that he long ago took up.

In 1962, when he was thinking of running for the Georgia senate, he consulted with a Baptist minister who was visiting Carter's mother. As Carter recalls the incident: "The pastor strongly advised me not to go into such a discredited profession. We had a rather heated argument, and he finally asked, 'If you want to be of service to other people, why don't you go into the ministry or into some honorable special service work?'" Replied Carter: "How would you like to be the pastor in a church with 80,000 members?" These days, Jimmy Carter is thinking in terms of heading a congregation with 215 million members.

Carter: Seeking Clear Goals

Thirty-six hours after his triumph in Pennsylvania, Jimmy Carter took off from Plains, Ga., for Texas to resume his pursuit of the presidency. Relaxing in shirtsleeves aboard his chartered commercial jet, Carter sipped coffee and discussed politics and policy with TIME Correspondent Dean E. Fischer:

Q. Assuming you are the Democratic nominee and President Ford the Republican, what do you think will be the principal issues in the campaign?

A. Well, I think where Ford is most vulnerable is the absence of leadership capabilities that he has demonstrated since he's been in the White House—his inability to work with members of Congress, his timidity about dealing with domestic problems concerning Government reorganization, unemployment, inflation; the absence of policy concerning energy, agriculture, transportation, welfare, health, housing; his lack of comprehension, apparently, of international policy; his deferral to the Secretary of State as the single person who shapes basic foreign policy decisions.

I think there's a very good likelihood that we'll have roughly 7% inflation and 7% unemployment in November. If it's better than that, it can't be attributed to any action on the part of Ford.

Q. In your Chicago speech on March 15, you said that this nation's foreign policy has never been in greater disarray than it is at present. What did you mean?

A. The foreign policy of a country derives its strength ultimately from the people of the country: their understanding of it, their evolution of it, their role in the consummation of it. Our foreign policy is without focus. It is not understood by the people, by the Congress or by foreign nations.

It is primarily comprised of Mr. Kissinger's own ideas, his own goals, most often derived and maintained in secrecy. I don't think the President plays any substantial role in the evolution of our foreign policy. Kissinger has tended to neglect our natural allies and friends in consultation on major policy decisions. Our neighbors in this hemisphere feel that they've been neglected; the Japanese feel that we've ignored their interests; the European nations feel that our commitment to them is suspect; plus there's no attitude of respect or natural purpose toward the developing nations.

Our participation with developing nations is peripheral and unplanned. We have treated them almost with contempt. A small amount of investment and genuine interest would pay rich dividends. I think the small nations are hungry for a more predictable and mutually advantageous relationship with our country.

Q. Beyond improving the process of consultation with developing countries, what else would you do? Would you increase foreign economic aid?

A. I don't think gifts are the major need for the establishment of good relationships. We need trade agreements, and maybe a foreign aid expenditure equivalent to one-half of 1% of our gross national product, plus a reorientation of the ultimate beneficiaries of that foreign aid. One of my advisers has said that we should no longer tax the poor people of a rich country to give aid to the rich people in the poor countries. I think that's what we have been doing. We also have very little predictability with respect to foreign aid. We lack openly expressed and clearly understood goals. The American people are not part of the process. The Congress is not part of the process. We've lost our very precious bipartisan support that involved both Congress and the Executive.

Q. Where else do you disagree in substance and specifics with the Ford-Kissinger foreign policy?

A. I think Kissinger still deals in his negotiations on the concept of power blocs. I think we need to deal more directly with individual nations, and to strengthen our bilateral friendships with those nations.

We need to strengthen our presence at the United Nations. Our chief spokesman at the United Nations should have his position strengthened in relation to the Secretary of State and the President.

Q. I assume you believe that the President and not the Secretary of State should be the principal formulator and chief spokesman of foreign affairs.

A. That's right. And I would use a wide range of emissaries, including my own family members and members of the Cabinet other than the Secretary of State, to magnify the presence of the United States around the world. I would make sure we had a choice of diplomats who would enhance our presence in countries throughout the world. There is, for example, a tremendous reservoir of talented black leaders who I think would be uniquely effective in African countries. And the same with Latin Americans.

Q. Do you believe that the policy of détente has been in the best interest of the United States?

A. I approve of the concept of détente. I don't think we'll have a permanent settlement in the Middle East without the full cooperation of the Soviet Union. Our interests are best served by strengthening cultural exchanges, promoting trade agreements, tourism, student exchange with the Soviet Union. But I would be a tough bargainer. Whenever the Soviet Union derived a benefit from negotia-

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THE NATION

tions, I would want to derive an equivalent benefit.

Q. When you say that you would support the right of individuals to move into any neighborhood of their choice, but that you would not direct the Federal Government to try to make changes in the ethnic character of the neighborhoods, does that really address itself to the issue involved? The Supreme Court has ruled that it is permissible for the Federal Government to provide low-cost housing in the suburbs.

A. The Supreme Court said that when there is a historical pattern of racial discrimination and when the needs of a low-income group cannot be met within the city, then the federal court does have a right to require that low-income housing be built in the suburbs. I agree with the Supreme Court decision. I have no objections to that at all.

Q. But would you take an affirmative approach that might go beyond what the Supreme Court said in order to provide low-cost housing in areas outside poor neighborhoods?

A. Yes, if the goal is to provide low-cost housing for poor families. But if the goal is to change the ethnic character of a neighborhood, no.

Q. You have said that you don't plan to bring up Watergate during this campaign. Why not, given the fact that it was a major Republican scandal, and given the fact that Nixon appointed Ford and Ford pardoned Nixon?

A. I'd like during my campaign to contribute to the healing of the nation's wounds and not exacerbate them. Also, I don't believe Ford ought to be held responsible for the Watergate scandal. I think it would be unfair.

Q. If you were President, would you consider pardoning Watergate defendants in prison or awaiting sentence?

A. I don't think it would be appropriate for me to say anything on the subject of Watergate pardons. During my first week in office, I would issue a pardon to all Viet Nam defectors.

Q. You have conducted your campaign with a relatively small staff. As President, would you also have a small staff?

A. Yes, I had a small staff when I was Governor, with complete accessibility of the staff to me. As President, I would want to meld the Office of Management and Budget more closely to the White House than it is now. That would enhance my plans to adopt zero-based budgeting and to reorganize the Executive Branch. I would want top civil servants to play a larger role. I'd try to have a wide range of sources to staff my Administration. I feel it would be very beneficial to have representatives of minority groups on the staff and in the Cabinet. They would bring a sensitivity to the Administration.

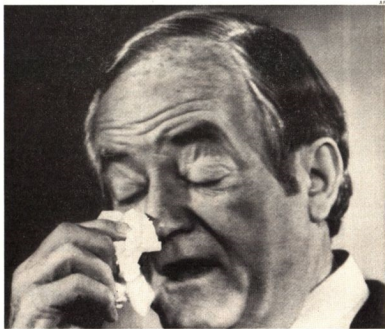
How Humphrey Made His Choice

With unexpected suddenness, after 20 years of reaching eagerly for the presidency, Hubert Humphrey made his wrenching personal decision: not this time. TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian was with Humphrey for several days before his announcement and talked with him in his office afterward. Ajemian's report:

All year I've been alone with these decisions," said Hubert Humphrey as he flew from Minnesota back to Washington, where he would soon have to decide whether to give up his deepest ambition. "I have no political counselor whose judgment I totally trust. In the old days, I always had someone, someone like Jim Rowe

stood between Jimmy Carter and the nomination, and Humphrey agreed. Often they had vested interests of their own, but for the nation's good, they warned him, Carter needed to be challenged: he was too untested, too unknown. Again, Humphrey agreed. The arguments for getting in started to stir his blood. The old fever, the old wanting to be President was still very much there.

But some, like Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss, advised him to stay out. "I reminded him he had no money, no organization," says Strauss, "and that the people who were telling him to jump in today would be back tending to their own affairs tomorrow." The deadline for filing in the New Jer-



HUBERT HUMPHREY ANNOUNCING THAT HE WILL STAY OUT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES
At this stage of his life, he did not intend to be ridiculous.

longtime adviser to Democratic Presidents. Now I do things alone."

People close to Humphrey see it differently; they view him as a man who is too ready to take the advice of others. Humphrey leaned back in his plane seat. He could understand why people felt that way. "Everyone thinks he's got his hooks into me," he said. "I do listen to a lot of people, but I've become gushy. I end up talking to my wife, Muriel."

Even before the last polls had closed on Carter's Pennsylvania triumph, Humphrey was once again listening to his friends. They called him by the dozens, urging him to stay in the race, and he in turn called others asking what he should do. Almost invariably, they told him he was the only person who now

sey primary was upon Humphrey—and he had to move. The pressure for a decision began to hurt.

The week before, in Minnesota, during the Senate's Easter recess, Humphrey had been prepared for no such sudden crisis. He did not expect Carter to win so resoundingly in Pennsylvania. Flying around Minnesota to speak at his party's district nominating conventions, Humphrey raised the rafters as he tore into Gerald Ford. It was like being at a prize-fight; oldtimers said that Humphrey had never sounded better, and that pleased him. In his speeches, Humphrey's final line always brought his audience cheering to its feet. If his party wanted him as its nominee, he told them, he was now at



ROBERT SHORT



DALE BUMPERS



WALTER MONDALE



ROBERT STRAUSS



JOSEPH CRANGLE

Some thought he could win, but Hubert asked: "How can I run now, when I've said over and over again that I wouldn't?"

the fullness of his life and never more prepared to be President. But, he also reminded them, he would enter no primaries.

A few days before the Carter victory, Humphrey sat in his Minneapolis office, away from the crowds, and talked about his political plans. He said that he had decided finally to become more active: he would publicly authorize a committee, headed by his Minnesota friend Robert Short, to line up uncommitted delegates. It would be a low-key effort, in keeping with his pledges to the other candidates to stay out of the primaries. Like most other politicians, he believed Scoop Jackson was certain to win most of Pennsylvania's delegates even if he might lose the popular vote to Carter. "If Jackson does that," said Humphrey, sounding reassured, "I'm sure he'll stick to the end."

But the Jackson candidacy collapsed as Carter took everything. The day after Pennsylvania, Humphrey's ordeal was plain. He would have to get in—or out. In Washington, he met with his closest advisers: Senator Walter Mondale and his top assistant, Richard Moe; Tom Kelm, assistant to Minnesota Governor Wendell Anderson; Max Kampelman, a Washington attorney; Bob Short; and others.

For two hours Humphrey sat in his shirtsleeves and listened to the nine-man gathering tell him that they judged the Democratic race to be over—unless he decided to enter New Jersey. The low-profile candidacy he had planned would do no good. Joe Crangle, the upstate New York Democratic leader, read off a delegate count projecting that Carter would have 1,023 delegates by the end of the primaries if Humphrey made no move. The group was confident that Humphrey could defeat Carter in New Jersey, and Humphrey told them he felt the same way.

But he interrupted them with a ques-

tion that was at the heart of his own struggle with himself. Asked Humphrey: "How can I run now when I've said over and over again that I wouldn't?"

His words hung in the air. Several in the group felt he had met his pledges; they said the other candidates no longer had any chance. Humphrey did not openly disagree with them, but he felt unconvinced by their argument. As the group broke up, one of the participants read him a prepared statement that said that Humphrey would enter New Jersey. It included a line noting, accurately, that Carter had challenged him to come in. Humphrey, the statement said, was going to oblige him. Humphrey liked that touch, but told them he wanted to sleep on the decision. Most of the group guessed that he had been persuaded to run.

Humphrey then returned a call from George McGovern, who was urging him to get in the race, and left the office with his wife. The two went home to their Washington apartment, along with their son-in-law, Bruce Solomonson. For three hours the Humphreys discussed the whole situation: their life together, their ages, their finances, their obligations. The phone kept ringing. Sometimes Humphrey would suddenly jump up as he remembered someone he wanted to call.

As they talked, it gradually became clear to Humphrey that his wife, who in the past had been so reluctant, who had so much wanted him to stay out this year, was now ready for him to run. "I was really surprised," he said. "It was a dramatic change for Muriel." He reminded her how brutal the last-minute campaign would be, that by his reckoning the most he could bring to the convention would be 600 delegates, and that Carter would have many more than that. "Besides," he said to her, "Carter would be attacking us every day for being a spoiler, for dividing the party—and so would the press." At 1 o'clock they went

to bed, and at 6:30 the next morning, deadline day, Humphrey was up and back on the phone. He couldn't let go. It was as if he thought that, by telephoning, he might reach some authority who would convince him to make the fight.

Some of those he talked to told him to stay out of it. Most wanted him to go in, and many of those were clearly anti-Carter. Southerners like Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, Kentucky Senator Wendell Ford and former Georgia Governor Carl Sanders (who had lost to Carter) urged that Humphrey stay in the race, obviously wishing to deny Carter the nomination. Still, Humphrey could not decide. His wife asked him to remain home a little longer for a last exchange, and they sat together for half an hour. Says Muriel: "I could see that he was essentially negative about running, and I was a little more positive." He told her he would call from the office.

In less than an hour he phoned her and said he would not run. It was a decision, he stressed, that he had had to reach for himself. Even though it might mean the end of all his hopes, he would have his self-respect. And he would spare them both the familiar abuse—that he was Lyndon Johnson's puppet, that he was not tough enough, that people were tired of him—that would surely be heaped on him the minute he announced. As he would say later: "One thing I don't need at this stage of my life is to be ridiculous." Instead, Humphrey told Muriel he would be the Democratic Party healer and bring his longtime supporters to the nominee. He was the one man, he felt, who might be able to deliver that harmony.

In the apartment, Muriel Humphrey hung up the phone and started making the beds. She heard herself singing aloud. "I never do that," she recalled, surprised at herself. But then she knew what it was. She realized how pleased she was with her Hubert.

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Did you know there's a way to STOP advertising mail you don't want?

You can now get your name off—or on—advertising mailing lists by writing the Mail Preference Service of the Direct Mail/Marketing Association



By CELIA WALLACE

Whether you realize it or not, you are exposed to over 300 advertising messages per day while you watch TV, read newspapers and magazines and ride the highways. And there is no easy way to "turn off" these messages.

But if you don't want to receive advertising mail, there's a simple, effective way to stop most of it. Just contact the Direct Mail/Marketing Association (DMMA), a group of businesses that use mail to advertise their products and services, and they'll send you a *name-removal* form.

Think you want to be taken off mailing lists?

According to Robert F. DeLay, President of the DMMA, once you've returned the name-removal form you should notice a substantial decrease in the amount of mail advertising you receive. "But," he added, "very often people take steps to get their names removed from mailing lists, objecting to what they consider 'junk mail.' But then later decide maybe it isn't so bad after all when they consider some of the good offers that come through unsolicited third class mail. Such as catalogs, new product samples, chances at sweepstakes, introductory offers from magazines, and coupons that knock a dime or so off prices at the supermarket or drugstore."

However, for those who decide they *still* don't want to be bothered by advertising mail, Mr. DeLay assures that their names will be removed from the lists of many DMMA member companies who conduct most large-scale mail adver-

tising campaigns. "It's just too expensive to waste on people who don't want it," he says.

MPS also enables you to be added to lists.

If, on the other hand, you feel you don't get your fair share of mail offers, the DMMA offers another service to get your name *on lists*

that will make you a candidate to receive more offers in special interest areas such as arts and crafts, books, investments, clothing, sports, travel and gardening.

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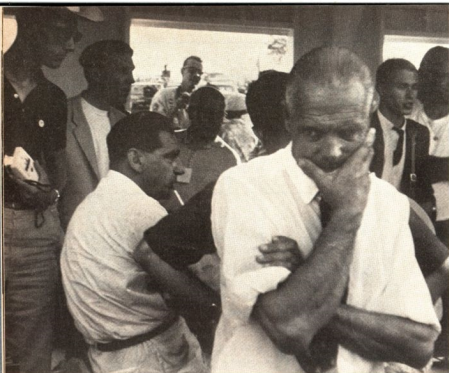
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LAST KNOWN PHOTOGRAPH OF HOWARD HUGHES (RIGHT, AT WATKINS GLEN IN 1961)*

TYCOONS

The Hughes Will: Is It for Real?

Ever since Howard Hughes died in an air ambulance over Texas early last month, a frantic search has been under way to find the will of the reclusive billionaire. Unless a valid last testament is found, Hughes' vast estate, estimated at \$2.3 billion, is certain to become the subject of the largest probate battle of all time. Last week what was said to be Hughes' will suddenly appeared in Salt Lake City, but the document seemed more likely to cause new legal problems than to resolve the old ones.

Large Scrawl. The circumstances surrounding the will's discovery were mysterious. As a public relations executive of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons) was sorting through the mail on his desk one afternoon, he came upon a tattered yellow envelope. The envelope, bearing a partly illegible Las Vegas postmark, was addressed to Spencer W. Kimball, president of the Mormon church. Inside the first envelope was a smaller one that bore instructions written in a large scrawl. They ordered Kimball to deliver the enclosed will to legal authorities in Clark County, Nev., "after my death or disappearance." It was signed Howard R. Hughes. In a bizarre coincidence, a few hours before the discovery, Texan John Connally turned up at

the Mormon offices. Frank W. Gay, the chief executive of Hughes' Summa Corp. and a devout Mormon, also happened to drop by Salt Lake City just before the will was found. A Mormon spokesman insisted that Connally met with churchmen on an unrelated matter, and Big John branded any connection "a vicious, malicious, irresponsible story." Gay was in town for a meeting of the University of Utah advisory council.

Inside the envelope, Kimball found a three-page handwritten will on lined legal paper identical to the type Hughes regularly used for memos to his staff. It was dated March 19, 1968, a time when Hughes was living atop the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. There were no witnesses' signatures. The will assigned one quarter of Hughes' assets (about \$600 million before taxes and executor's fees) to the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, his tax-free research foundation. One-eighth was to be divided among Houston's Rice University and the Universities of Texas, Nevada and California. Eight different groups of beneficiaries got one-sixteenth shares (about \$150 million each): the Mormon church; William Lummis, a cousin in Houston; and a man named Melvin Dummur, who leases a gas station in Willard, Utah. Hughes' former wives (Ella Rice and Jean Peters) were to divide a one-sixteenth share. Aside from bequests to the Boy Scouts, an orphans' home and a school scholarship fund, Hughes' inner circle of aides stood to collect the

THE NATION

rest of the estate, some \$450 million.

Mormon church leaders submitted the document to a Utah handwriting expert, Mrs. Leslie King, who had studied Hughes' handwriting in an earlier court case. After a hurried examination, she declared: "There is a good chance that Mr. Hughes did write that will." The Mormons then rushed to Las Vegas, the seat of Clark County, to file the testament. "It could be an actual legal document or a hoax," said Mormon Spokesman Wendell Ashton. "This was a hot potato to land in our office."

It also may be a bad potato. The handwriting bore a resemblance to Hughes'. But other features of the will seemed highly suspect. Hughes was a nitpicking perfectionist who spelled out everything in exhaustive detail. Yet the purported will contained vague statements (sample: "the remainder [of the estate] is to be divided among the key men in my company's [sic].") Furthermore, Hughes almost never made spelling errors. Yet the 260-word testament is studded with eleven misspellings, including "children" for children and "revolk" for revoke.

Even more dubious were some of the main features of the will. Melvin Dummur said in interviews that he gave Hughes a lift near Las Vegas in 1968. "I spotted this skinny old man—about 60—alongside the dirt road," he said. "His face was cut up and bleeding. I thought he was a wino. I asked him how he got hurt, but he never replied. When we got to the [Sands] hotel, he asked me to drive him around the back and asked me for some money. I had quite a bit, but I figured he was a bum so I gave him a quarter." After learning that his two-bit handout might bring him a 600 millionfold return, Dummur suffered a nervous collapse and at week's end was heavily sedated under a doctor's care.

Bitter Falling. Even more implausible was the person named as executor of the will—Noah Dietrich, 87, Hughes' longtime lieutenant. The two had a bitter falling out in 1956 and never reconciled. Dietrich said last week, "I have no question that it's his [Hughes'] handwriting and his signature."

In addition, lawyers who worked for Hughes found it inconceivable that he would have relied on a handwritten last testament. He had a deep fear that his handwriting could be forged and even tried to keep his signature secret.

Lawyers and professional investigators continued to press a nationwide search for an authentic will. The best clues so far: a key to a safe-deposit box found among Hughes' belongings in his old Romaine Street office in Hollywood and a 1938 registered letter to the First National Bank in Houston saying he was enclosing a will. Neither discovery has produced results. America's—perhaps the world's—foremost mystery man in life, Howard Hughes may have created his biggest mystery in death.

*Photographer caught Hughes at the auto race track, and top aides at Hughes Aircraft later confirmed that the picture was indeed of their boss. Half-seated behind Hughes (left center) is John Cooper, builder of the Cooper racing cars.

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Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
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INVESTIGATIONS

Nobody Asked: Is It Moral?

It did not matter that much of the information had already been released—or leaked—to the public. The effect was still overwhelming: a stunning, dismaying indictment of U.S. intelligence agencies and six Presidents, from Franklin Roosevelt to Richard Nixon, for having blithely violated democratic ideals and individual rights while gathering information at home or conducting clandestine operations abroad.

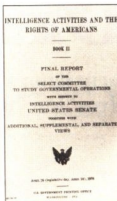
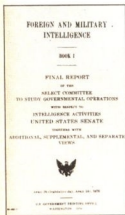
The two-volume, 815-page report released last week by the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence was 15 months in the making. It documents as never before how the White House and the baronies of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Central Intelligence Agency took the law into their own

Foremost among the pragmatists were the six Presidents, Democrats and Republicans alike. Before World War II, F.D.R. authorized wiretaps of suspected "subversives" without ever defining just what a subversive was. He also asked the FBI to file the names of Americans who criticized his national defense policies and supported those of Colonel Charles Lindbergh, who was then preaching isolationism. With similar Executive arrogance and in the same tradition, the Nixon Administration was installing illegal wiretaps and using the Internal Revenue Service to hound its domestic "enemies" 35 years later.

There was guilt aplenty to go round. As U.S. Attorney General, Robert F. Kennedy gathered information on the

city, Ku Klux Klan) as well as the left (the Socialist Workers Party, Students for a Democratic Society). The FBI kept handy a list of people—26,000 strong at one point—who were to be detained during a national emergency (including Novelist Norman Mailer). The Army accumulated the names of 100,000 people who were involved, even tangentially, in political protest activities (including Illinois Senator Adlai Stevenson III, who made the list for merely attending a peaceful political rally watched by the service's agents). The CIA surpassed everyone, maintaining a catchall index of 1.5 million names taken from the 250,000 letters opened and photographed by the agency. Noted the Senate report: "Too many people have been spied upon by too many Government agencies, and too much information has been collected."

Looking for leads, the organizations would infiltrate almost anything. The



MEMBERS OF CHURCH COMMITTEE (FOURTH FROM RIGHT—THE CHAIRMAN) WITH REPORT
To cure some sweeping excesses, some sweeping reforms.

hands in the cause of preserving liberty. To cure the sweeping excesses, the eleven-member Church committee—so named for its chairman, Idaho Democrat Frank Church—proposed some sweeping reforms, 183 in all. Yet many of the key reforms may well be gutted or killed by the full Senate.

Scarcely anyone who was involved in the operations—bugging phones, breaking into houses, slipping LSD to unsuspecting bar patrons, planning assassination attempts, undermining governments—seems to have wondered whether he was doing anything wrong. The values of the men who operated in the shadowy underground world were summed up by William C. Sullivan, for ten years the head of the FBI's domestic intelligence division: "Never once did I hear anybody, including myself, raise the question: 'Is this course of action... lawful, is it legal, is it ethical or moral?' We never gave any thought to this line of reasoning, because we were just naturally pragmatic."

"sugar lobby" by tapping ten telephone lines of one law firm, plus the phones of two lobbyists, three Executive Branch officials, a congressional staffer and North Carolina's Congressman Harold D. Cooley, then chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. A squad of FBI men used informants, undercover agents and bugging to let Lyndon Johnson know what was happening behind the scenes at the 1964 Democratic convention in Atlantic City.

"Black Bag." Trying to sniff out subversion, the FBI, the CIA, the Army and the National Security Agency violated Americans' rights over the years by opening some 380,000 first-class letters, staging hundreds of "black bag" break-ins, securing copies of millions of private cables and tapping an unknown number of telephones.

With a paranoid compulsion, the agencies developed lists of troublesome or potentially troublesome Americans. These included members of organizations on the right (the John Birch So-

FBI dutifully investigated women's liberation groups and decided to keep up the surveillance, even though they appeared to be concerned just with freeing "women from the humdrum existence of being only a wife and mother." In 1941, the FBI began an intensive probe of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, after 15 black mess stewards in the Navy protested against racial discrimination. For 25 years, the bureau hunted for signs of Communist influence in the N.A.A.C.P., although a report in the first year of the investigation said the organization had a "strong tendency" to "steer clear of Communist activities." There were more chilling examples of excesses by the FBI. Operation COINTELPRO (counterintelligence program), which sought to disrupt dissident groups, tried to get members of the Black Panthers and a black activist group based in California, U.S. Inc., to kill one another. The cold-eyed crusade against Martin Luther King Jr.—"the most dan-

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THE NATION

gerous and effective Negro leader in the country"—included not only the familiar taping of his bedroom activities but also plans to harass his widow after his assassination.

In the past year and a half, the U.S. intelligence community has taken a number of steps to correct its faults. The CIA has severely limited its activities at home. U.S. Attorney General Edward Levi has laid down some strict ground rules for the FBI. Even so, the Senate committee was unimpressed. It recommended 96 steps to make sure that the domestic intelligence apparatus would concern itself only with the legitimate goals of catching spies and stopping crime, including acts of terrorism.

The committee urged the passage of laws limiting intelligence probes to terrorist action and hostile foreign espionage when there was a clear-cut and im-

its payroll and propagandized not only foreigners but Americans. CIA types wrote books backing up U.S. policy that were made available in the U.S.—sometimes after they had been favorably reviewed by other CIA types.

The report itself was evidence of the agency's continuing clout. At the urgent request of CIA officials, some 200 pages of material on secret overseas operations were deleted from the final version, and many portions of the surviving text were heavily censored. These changes may have been justified, but the CIA even tried to delete transcripts of hearings that had already been publicly telecast. At this, however, the Senators plucked up their courage and drew the line.

The committee did get across its main point: from 1961 to 1975, the CIA conducted some 900 major covert operations overseas. Many of these not

enter into a joint committee later on, if it wishes). Under the reorganization recommended by the Senators, the new committee would be able to pass on the foreign intelligence budget (which is now considered so vital a secret that the figure—estimated at about \$10 billion—was eliminated from the report at the request of the CIA). What is more, the President would be compelled by law to inform the committee before any significant undercover operation was undertaken—thereby giving the members a chance to object to, although not veto the enterprise. Political assassinations would be forbidden by statute, as they now are by Ford's decree. In addition, the committee would ban by law any attempt to subvert a democratic government—a step that Ford says he favors.

There are already strong indications that the Senate is not prepared to approve the radical new reforms or even the creation of a new oversight committee. G.O.P. Senators John Tower and Barry Goldwater refused to sign the report, arguing that its strict recommendations would make it impossible for the CIA to operate effectively. The proposed change, said Tower, vice chairman of the committee, "could endanger American security."

Heated Issue. Under the present law, six committees on the Hill (three in the Senate and three in the House) are charged with overseeing intelligence operations. Their oversight has been infrequent and ineffectual. Yet their chairmen are reluctant to share any power. In addition, Church and his allies face another problem as they try to push through their proposals: growing apathy. Because the whole process has taken so long, and so much has been written and said, controlling the CIA is no longer a heated political issue. The substantial reforms initiated by Ford, the CIA and the Department of Justice have also eased the pressure.

There is, finally, a real fear among some Senators that a committee so powerful and fully informed could do profound damage if it sprang any leaks. Last week the Senate Rules Committee voted 5 to 4 against proposals by the Church committee to set up a new watchdog unit to keep an eye on the intelligence agencies. But the fight is not over yet. This month Church plans to carry the struggle to the floor of the Senate, where he feels the younger liberals in both parties may help him carry the day. The "crucial" element of reform, says Church, is a committee that can pass on the CIA's budget and learn about its planned covert activities in advance. Adds Minnesota's Walter Mondale, chairman of the subcommittee on domestic operations: "In the past, Congress has been able to excuse its lack of vigilance on the grounds that it didn't know [what was happening]. Now it does. And if we know it and don't do anything about it, then we're really saying, 'O.K., let 'er rip.'"



"I give up!"

mediate danger, and the threat is certainly there. Of the 1,079 Soviet officials assigned to the U.S. in 1975, more than 60% were intelligence agents according to the FBI.

Own Airlines. The committee recommended that wiretapping, bugging and break-ins occur only after proper court orders. Within the U.S., the CIA would be permitted to act only to protect its own employees or infiltrate a domestic group to establish "cover" for a foreign intelligence mission.

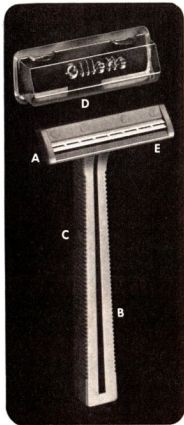
In describing U.S. operations overseas, the committee noted that the CIA was so autonomous that it ran its own airlines and set up its own businesses to act as covers for agents and even created its own insurance companies, whose total assets amount to more than \$30 million. More disturbing to the committee was the fact that the CIA put academics, newsmen and missionaries on

only were of questionable value but occurred without proper supervision by the White House or oversight by Congress.

For a while, the committee gave serious consideration to proposing a total ban on all covert activities, reasoning that they were simply incompatible with the tenets of a democratic society. But the final report concluded that the U.S. should be able to mount undercover operations to counter grave threats to the nation. Last February, President Gerald Ford announced new Executive guidelines to control the CIA's covert activities, but the committee remained unsatisfied, insisting that the restrictions be made even tougher and written into law.

To establish clear-cut responsibilities and lines of authority for foreign and domestic intelligence operations, the committee recommended the formation of a special watchdog committee in the Senate (leaving it up to the House to

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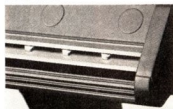
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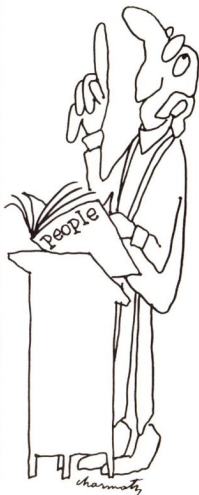
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ITALY

Toward an Election to Test the Nerves

There was apprehension but not much suspense last week as a weary Premier Aldo Moro opened a two-day Chamber of Deputies debate over the economic policy of his minority Christian Democratic government. The debate, leading toward a showdown vote of confidence, was to some extent a pre-planned move to end a long-smoldering political crisis by killing off Moro's crippled one-party government. Battered by economic distresses, bribe scandals, and a spreading fight over legalized abortion, the 75-day-old government was moribund; even friendly opponents refused to vote for its survival and other politicians chided the Premier for prolonging the agony. One opera buff among them likened Moro's Cabinet to the soldiers' chorus in *La Forza del Destino*, which in one scene sings "Andiam, andiam, andiam" ("We're leaving, we're leaving, we're leaving") without ever quite getting off stage.

But finally the Moro government made its exit. "I have tried to avoid an alarming pause in the administration of power," said Moro, adding that he could no longer withstand the opposition he received. Without even bothering to call the confidence vote—defeat was, after all, a certainty—the Premier held a crisp last meeting with his Cabinet, then set off in his blue Alfa Romeo to tender his resignation to President Giovanni Leone at the Quirinale Palace. There Moro requested the showdown that he had maneuvered for weeks to avoid and that he had called "not our choice, but a rigorous and difficult duty." Moro recommended to Leone that he not try to form a new government but call general elections one year ahead of schedule. After thinking about it into the weekend, Leone agreed, and prepared to call a June election.

The stage was thus set for the most critical election Italy has faced in 30 years, one that would not only absorb 35 million Italian voters but also be closely watched throughout Europe and in much of the rest of the world as well. The same issues that toppled Moro—the weakened lira, rising inflation, unemployment and scandal—will be refought in the campaign. But the overwhelming issue facing the country is quite clear: Whether Italian voters, with their country's traditional center-left politics at a point of impasse, are prepared finally to allow the Communists to share national power. If the voters are ready for that—and chances are strong that they are—it will mark the first major Com-

munist success in Western Europe in 30 years.

The campaign, predicts TIME Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante, "will force issues, heighten tensions and test nerves" as past elections rarely have. Ostensibly voters will choose from among nine parties; but in fact the campaign will be a three-way struggle among the Christian Democrats (D.C.), the Communist Party (P.C.I.) and the Socialists (P.S.I.). The makeup of any new government and the chances for the emergence of the long-heralded "historic compromise" in which Communists would finally move out of opposition and into a ruling coalition depend on how well each party does in the voting for the 630 Chamber of Deputies seats.

Miracle Needed. The Christian Democrats badly need a miracle to improve their current 267-seat representation in the Chamber of Deputies. The economy seems certain to worsen during the campaign, which will reflect on the incumbents. Meanwhile, the furor over allegations of Lockheed bribes to Italian politicians refuses to fade (TIME, May 3). Leaked and unsubstantiated U.S. Senate evidence suggested that payments were made to an unnamed Italian Premier in the late 1960s; Moro, Leone and Foreign Minister Mariano Rumor each held the job during that period, and all deny receiving bribes. Nonetheless, it has become a national pastime in Italy to speculate about the identity of the recipient of Lockheed's largesse, who turned up in the Senate documents under the code name Antelope Cobbler.

The Communists ought to enjoy an election that offers them so much campaign ammunition; paradoxically, the P.C.I. fears the vote almost as much as the Christian Democrats do. The timing, the Communists reckon, is unfortunate for them. They have not yet assimilated the big gains they made in regional elections last June; moreover, the party would prefer not to be spotlighted at a time when West Germany and the U.S. are also about to hold national elections in which Italian communism could be an issue. What the Communists want to do is to hold pow-

BELINGER LEAVING QUIRINALE PALACE



MORO SITTING ALONE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES LAST WEEK BEFORE RESIGNATION



THE WORLD

er, not merely gain it temporarily by a fluke, and they feel they are not yet in a position to win the political confidence of the mass of Italy's crucial middle-class Catholic voters.

They could well be right. Many politicians by now believe that the Italian Communists are evolving democratically and responsibly. But current polls indicate that while Party Boss Enrico Berlinguer is now the country's most trusted politician, many voters fear that if the Communists were to gain power, they would not relinquish it if subsequently defeated. In one recent poll, nearly 46% of those queried expressed this worry, while 24% were uncertain about whether the Communists could be trusted to play by the rules.

Opposition deputies charged last week that Moro's mournful pre-resignation speeches were actually the beginning of the Christian Democratic election campaign. In any case, with so little time before voting day, no party will lose time hitting the trail. The outcome of the vote is as yet uncertain, although some early polls go so far as to project the necessary 51% of seats split between Communists and Socialists. One thing, however, seems fairly clear: unless the P.C.I. unexpectedly collapses in June, it will be difficult to deny the Communists a part in any governing coalition.

NEWSVENDOR AMID ELECTION POSTERS



PORTUGAL

The Virtues of Indecision

All across Portugal, cities and towns reverberated with the blare of loudspeakers and the roar of party rallies. Walls everywhere were plastered with posters peeling in the light spring rains. After three weeks of hard campaigning, as well as some bloodshed—at least three lives were lost in pre-election violence—some 5.4 million Portuguese went to the polls calmly, as if benumbed, to cast ballots in the nation's first free parliamentary elections in half a century. As they did a year ago, in elections for a Constituent Assembly, the returns suggested that if there was a consensus of any kind among Portugal's fractious electorate, it was against extreme politics of all shades.

None of the 14 parties competing for the 263 seats in the Assembly reached the 40% mark that might have provided a working majority. Although the two mainstream parties—the Socialists and the center left Popular Democrats—together polled almost 60% of the vote, the nation's increasingly polarized electorate also gave boosts to Communist and conservative forces. The chief results:

► The Socialists, with 35% of the vote, remained the strongest party, although they were down slightly from the 38% they polled last spring. Party strategists blamed the slippage on the popularity of the Communists' radical land-reform proposals among southern farmers and the hostility of right-wing refugees from Angola, who blame the Socialists for their part in the rapid decolonization there.

► The Popular Democrats were second with 23%, off from last year's 26%. Party Leader Francisco Sá Carneiro's acerbic campaign attacks on opposition leaders seemed gratuitously harsh to

many Portuguese and may have cost the party votes.

► The conservative Center Social Democrats (C.D.S.) were the big gainers, doubling their share of the vote from 7.6% last year to 16%. Although the C.D.S. won a majority in only one northern district, the party succeeded in edging out the Communists for third place in Portugal's political ladder and now considers itself a candidate for a role in the future government.

► The Communists, while running behind the C.D.S., managed to increase their share of the vote modestly from 12.5% to 15%. They did so by holding on to their small but ardent constituency in the Lisbon industrial belt and among the landless peasants in the southern rural district of Alentejo, while picking up new strength as a result of a decision by a Communist splinter party to withdraw from the election.

Seeing to make the most of the results, Communist Leader Alvaro Cunhal assessed the election as a "victory for the left," meaning a popular mandate for a coalition of Socialists and Communists. But Cunhal's rivals did not agree. Describing the vote as a clear rejection of the Communists, Sá Carneiro called for a coalition of center parties that would bar a role for Cunhal. Socialist Leader Mário Soares insisted that he would deal with no one and promised to try to form a minority government on his own.

Soares' Socialists and Sá Carneiro's Popular Democrats would seem to be natural coalition partners, since their platforms on such issues as nationalization and land reform are roughly parallel, and together they would command a comfortable majority. But the two party chiefs, who are personal rivals, at-



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THE WORLD

tacked each other bitterly during the campaign, and Soares has insisted that he would rather remain outside government than join a coalition. On election night, Soares indicated that if he is forced to accept a coalition of "national salvation," he would prefer a broad front with all major parties to joining forces with Sá Carneiro alone. Sá Carneiro says that his followers would join any coalition except one that includes Communists. Indeed, he threatened last week to withdraw from the present sixth Provisional Government, which is due to remain in power until presidential elections are held in late June or early July, unless the Communists were immediately removed from their posts.

Fortunately, the politicians have time to work out their differences. Only after a new President is elected will a Premier be appointed and given the task of forming a government. For Portugal, which has weathered two coup attempts and countless other alarms since the 1974 revolution, a few more weeks of noisy political uncertainty will not hurt and may even prove salutary. At least, vacillation has never seemed a vice to President Francisco ("the Cork") da Costa Gomes, who has refused to take ideological sides during Portugal's prolonged political crisis and, not coincidentally, is a possible candidate to succeed himself. A recent Costa Gomes observation: "Portugal has often been on the brink of civil war, and it was only thanks to my indecision that the country was spared this tragedy."

SPAIN

Finally, a Timetable

Addressing the country directly for the first time since he announced the death of Generalissimo Francisco Franco last November, Premier Carlos Arias Navarro went on television last week to present Spain with a timetable for reform. Nervously reading a 45-minute text, Arias, 67, announced that a national referendum on proposed constitutional changes would be held in October and that Spain's first general elections in almost 41 years would follow early next year. Lest anyone mistake these cautious moves as promises of a sharp break with the authoritarian past, Arias added several stanzas of effusive praise of Franco, whom he described as "the veteran captain who led us to the purest of victories."

The proposals Arias announced included 1) creation of a legislature that would give Spain a lower house elected by "universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage" and an upper house composed mainly of appointed members; 2) establishment of a new branch of the Supreme Court that would be specifically charged with protecting constitutional rights; 3) a revision in the law of succession that would reduce the minimum age for be-



PREMIER CARLOS ARIAS NAVARRO
Democratic charades.

coming a monarch from 33 to 18 and allow a woman to wear the crown. By including the succession proposals in the referendum, the regime hopes to win a kind of popular assent to the monarchy without actually subjecting the institution to the perils of a direct yes or no vote.

The timetable for the reforms represented a political setback for King Juan Carlos, 38, who, with the support of a few Cabinet officers and Spain's increasingly impatient press, had urged that the referendum be held in June and the election this fall. Repeatedly frustrated in his desire for a faster pace of liberalization, the King is known to be unhappy with Arias' reluctance to push ahead. But his power is severely circumscribed by the hard-line Francists in the 17-member Council of the Realm, a group of loyalists created by Franco to approve candidates for the premiership.

Labor Unrest. With such Franco-era institutions still firmly entrenched, opposition leaders of all persuasions were saying last week that they will not cooperate by playing democratic charades in October. Christian Democrat José María Gil Robles acidly characterized Arias' speech as "a chat full of platitudes and vagueness." One member of the Communist Party's Central Committee angrily dismissed it as a "cynical joke." The regime hoped that the announcement of elections might at least serve to cool down the current labor unrest in Spain, but as Arias spoke at midweek, some 30,000 construction workers went on strike in Madrid. The day after the Premier's address, more than 100,000 workers walked off the job, promising more rather than less labor commitment in the future.

WEST GERMANY

"Don't Predict Disaster"

Even if his counterparts elsewhere in Western Europe were not struggling with deep political and economic problems, West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt would stand out. As his country's head of government and top economic policymaker (he is a former Finance Minister), Schmidt, 57, has led the country out of its worst postwar recession relatively unscathed. Often Schmidt's opinions are the determining factor in Common Market decisions. At home, he does not elicit overwhelming warmth or emotion, but he is sufficiently respected to have won a 76% "approval" rating in a recent public opinion poll.

At the end of a day's work last week, Chancellor Schmidt received TIME Managing Editor Henry Grunwald and Bonn Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan for an evening interview at his Bonn office in the old but elegant Palais Schaumburg on the Rhine. He alternately sniffed snuff and puffed menthol cigarettes as he talked about the political and economic prospects of Western Europe. Excerpts:

ON COMMUNISM IN EUROPE. I wouldn't like to see the Communist Party in the government in Paris, or in Rome, or in other places. On the other hand, I do not believe that this must of necessity mean a catastrophe. We have seen Communists as ministers, and even in higher office, in Lisbon, and we have seen them in Reykjavik. Europe has not collapsed, nor has the Atlantic Alliance. I would not like us to predict disaster if it's possible that such predictions might

CHANCELLOR HELMUT SCHMIDT



THE WORLD

in the end prove to be self-fulfilling prophecies.

DEALING WITH THE THREAT. The best thing the [European Economic] Community can do is lead its member states toward satisfactory and successful financial, economic and social security measures. Germany has already undertaken rather great financial sacrifices for the benefit of Europe as a whole, and we are also willing to do this in the future. By any yardstick, Germany's economic performance has been rather good. We have also maintained great confidence in the stability of the social structure. I would like to point out that, unlike other European countries, the Communist groups or parties can expect no gain from our national elections. You will need a microscope to see where the Communists are on election night. And you won't see any gain by extremists on the right edge of the political spectrum either.

CAN COMMUNISTS BE DEMOCRATS?

This depends on the person or party you have in mind. There are many types of Communism coexisting in the world nowadays. I wouldn't be rigid in my evaluation. It is true that in those countries where Communist parties have behaved in a democratic way, they have been rather small minority parties.

ON CONGRESSIONAL LIMITATIONS

ON U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. I think I have a good understanding for the historic and psychological reasons that have driven Congress to act as it has. In the medium and long run, I hope that the American Administration will regain a greater amount of independence in international operations from the trends inside Congress.

ON GERMAN CHARACTER. There is a certain weakness in our national character tending toward perfectionism. We even make our mistakes in a perfect manner—big mistakes, even crimes. This perfectionist weakness is not something that will evaporate this year or this decade. It's one of those characteristics that have a long period of life in the development of a nation. People also attribute to Germans a certain amount of discipline. This, I hope, will not quickly vanish.

BONN'S ROLE IN EUROPE. We have taken quite a number of initiatives. On the other hand, to be quite honest, we have been very careful not to congratulate ourselves too obviously on such initiatives. It will have to be this way for quite a while yet. I'm quite aware that the memory of the second World War has not died out. To some degree, there is a danger of reviving this memory in thinking of too great differences in the economic and social performance of this country as compared with others in Europe. From time to time I warn my countrymen that we would under no circumstances advise any German to seek German leadership in Europe or even within the EEC. We don't dream of it, and I warn everyone not to dream of it.

DIPLOMACY

Doctor K's African Safari

It began as a journey of small expectations and doubtful timing, but midway through his first visit to Africa last week Secretary of State Henry Kissinger appeared to have promised a significant turnaround in U.S. foreign policy on the continent. Initially, the signs on the horizon were anything but auspicious. Only two months after the end of a bloody civil war in Angola, Rhodesia was already caught up in the first skirmishes of a racial showdown as black liberation movements geared up to bring down

rican leaders to television stations; three were labeled with wrong names.

Then there was Kissinger's visit to Victoria Falls. Walking out onto the railway bridge that spans the gorge below the spectacular cataract and straddles the borders of Zambia and Rhodesia, the Secretary stepped across a white line onto Rhodesian territory, then quipped, "At least now I know what the issues look like." The gesture, coming on the heels of a blast at Kissinger from Rhodesia's Ian Smith for not visiting Salisbury before criticizing his government, took on a slightly surreal quality when it turned out that it had all been prearranged two weeks before by Washington so that Rhodesian security guards would not fire on the Secretary when he stepped across the line.

For all the pitfalls and pratfalls, Kissinger had come to Africa to announce, for the first time, a coherent and far-reaching American policy in the region. In a major policy speech, which he delivered in Lusaka, following a series of friendly talks with Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, Tanzania's Julius Nyerere and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, Kissinger forcefully aligned the U.S. with the proponents of black majority rule and against the white regimes of southern Africa. The U.S., he said, is "wholly committed to help bring about a rapid, just and African solution" in Rhodesia (which Kissinger pointedly referred to by its African name, Zimbabwe). At the same time, Kissinger called for South Africa to fix a definite timetable for self-rule in Namibia (South West Africa), the former German colony administered by Pretoria. As for South Africa, he said the U.S. will insist on an end to *apartheid* and "the institutionalized separation of the races."

Psychological Boost. By far the greater part of his speech was given over to the growing crisis in the breakaway British colony of Rhodesia. In a ten-point program that will form the basis for what Kissinger called "unrelenting opposition" to Salisbury, he put Washington squarely behind British Prime Minister James Callaghan's March 22 proposal for majority rule in Rhodesia within two years. Blacks presently outnumber whites in the country, 6.1 million to 278,000, but have no effective voice in the government.

Other key Kissinger points: 1) the Administration will seek repeal of the Byrd amendment, enacted in 1971, which allows American companies to import Rhodesian chrome in violation of U.N.-imposed sanctions; 2) Washington will try to enlist other countries, notably South Africa and France, in a program of strict compliance with the sanctions, especially on arms; 3) American citizens in Rhodesia—some 900



the white racist regime of Ian Smith. Such was the perceived failure of American policy over the years to provide any semblance of support for black African aspirations that three countries Kissinger hoped to visit—Mozambique, Nigeria and Ghana—refused to have him.

Even the trip, at the outset, seemed plagued by snafus. A Kissinger statement on a stopover in London hinting at "indirect military aid" to the Rhodesian rebels was misinterpreted, and the White House promptly shot it down, suggesting—falsely as it turned out—that there might be policy differences on Africa between Kissinger and President Ford. Next the State Department sent out photographic slides of five Af-

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THE WORLD

—will be urged to leave; 4) the U.S. will give Mozambique \$12.5 million in aid to help make up for losses suffered from its border closing with Rhodesia, and supply assistance to some 17,000 black Rhodesian refugees in Mozambique.

To both black African and senior diplomats on the continent, the Secretary's main achievement was that he had forcefully served notice that Washington intended to play an active role in helping to achieve majority rule in southern Africa. As one Kissinger aide said: "It's the first time in a long time that we are doing the moral thing." The reaction in black Africa was cautiously favorable. Tanzania's government-controlled *Daily News* saw the Lusaka speech as a "psychological boost"; Zambian President Kaunda praised it as "an important turning point."

The greatest fears were that it might already be too late to find a political solution to Africa's problems, given the momentum of the guerrilla buildup against Rhodesia. Nyerere had warned even before Kissinger's speech that "the war has already begun." Echoing that sentiment, Kaunda urged that Kissinger's program be "worked upon as quickly as possible, because in terms of time we do not have it." In response, Kissinger made it clear that the U.S. would be glad to act as a mediator in negotiations between black liberationists and the Rhodesian government.

Next Step. Nonetheless, the U.S. has a long way to go to overcome the residue of skepticism left from years of neglect of Africa. Africans have not forgotten Secretary of State William Rogers' trip to the continent in 1970, when he pledged a "new interest" in black Africa. A National Security Council memo leaked in 1974 revealed that Kissinger had at that very time instituted a policy of "selective relaxation" toward white-minority regimes—and a policy of benign neglect toward black Africa.

After stops in Zaïre (where he came down with a stomach ache after feasting on wild boar and manioc leaves), Liberia and Senegal, Kissinger returns this week to Nairobi for the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development. There he will announce formation of an International Resources Bank to finance development of raw materials. Earlier, Kissinger pledged \$200 million to the International Fund for Economic Development.

Africa will be watching to see whether Kissinger's pledges really represent a permanent U.S. policy commitment. The first test will be repeal of the Byrd amendment. The Administration has previously called for repeal, but has never worked very hard for it on Capitol Hill. After Kissinger's Lusaka address, California's Senator John Tunney promptly introduced a joint resolution for repeal. Kissinger, said Tunney, "took a step in the right direction in calling for repeal. It is now up to us in the Congress to take the next step."

VIET NAM

Anniversary Two-Step to the Polls

It was, trumpeted North Viet Nam's official daily, *Nhan Dan*, "a festival of the completion of national reunification." In Hanoi and Saigon, as well as scores of other cities, towns and hamlets in between, streets and squares were festooned with banners and painted maps that showed North and South with all demarcation lines removed—and Hanoi prominently marked as the capital. Called out by Communist ward bosses—and, in Saigon, by the pealing bells of the city's churches—some 11 million Vietnamese trooped to the polls

eligible voters off to the polls, where their political choice amounted to striking a few less favored names from a list of preselected candidates. Under such conditions, participation tends to be high: in Saigon, officials proudly announced, the voter turnout was 98%, almost as praiseworthy as Hanoi's 99.82%.

Figurehead President. Reflecting the demographics of the unified country, which will have a population of 44 million people, membership in the Assembly is weighted slightly in favor of the North; it has 249 representatives v.



GIANT PORTRAIT OF HO CHI MINH LEADS ELECTION-DAY PARADE IN SAIGON
And the curfew was lifted, so that the people could "make merry."

clutching pink voter-registration cards to elect the new, 492-member National Assembly that will serve as the legislature for a formally unified Viet Nam.

With characteristic reverence for calendar milestones, the Communists scheduled the election for the eve of the first anniversary of the North Vietnamese triumph of April 30, 1975. That was the date on which Hanoi's tanks rumbled through the gates of former President Nguyen Van Thieu's palace in Saigon, completing the military conquest of South Viet Nam that had been the Communists' goal ever since Ho Chi Minh drove the French out of the North in 1954. Also characteristically, the victors took no chances with the outcome of the Assembly election. In Saigon, local party chiefs lined up families, 20 or so at a time, for roll call, then marched

243 for the South. Sitting in Hanoi, the Assembly will be mainly a rubber stamp to the ten-man Politburo of North Viet Nam's Lao Dong (Workers' Party). The legislators, warned Politburo Member Pham Hung, who is the party's chief representative in the South, will be expected to carry out Lao Dong policies "most scrupulously."

Hung himself is an Assembly member, as are most of the important North Vietnamese Communists. When the legislature convenes for the first time, possibly around May 19, it will choose a figurehead President for the unified country, plus a Premier and a Cabinet. Most likely choice as Premier is North Viet Nam's Premier Pham Van Dong. Others who will probably hold top leadership posts include Le Duan, First Secretary of the Lao Dong, and Mrs.



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MONDAY



TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY



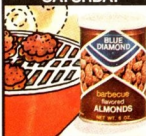
THURSDAY



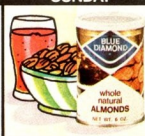
FRIDAY



SATURDAY



SUNDAY



One Nibble Is Never Enough



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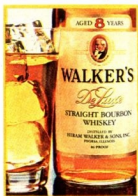
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Aged 8 Years

Nguyen Thi Binh, who was chief negotiator for the Viet Cong in Paris.

The Assembly's agenda includes ratifying a new constitution and choosing a flag, national anthem and a new name for the unified country. While the legislators may also be allowed to consider a new five-year plan, which will set the pace and nature of social and economic reunification, the real work will be done by the Lao Dong chieftains at a party congress, the first in 16 years, scheduled for later this year.

So far, the Communists, who remain mildly astonished by the lightning success of their 1975 spring offensive (see box), have been cautious in their treatment of the South. The new government claims that 90% of the officials, civil servants and army members of the Thieu regime who were packed off to country camps for *hoc tap* (re-education) have since resumed normal lives. But many top officials remain in the camps; one estimate of the current total, by Italian Journalist Tiziano Terzani, is 150,000 to 200,000.

Saigon itself still retains much of what the puritan Northern Marxists decry as its decadence. Prostitution has made a comeback; bars are busy and rock music can still be heard on downtown streets. A curfew exists—which officials lifted for a day-long anniversary celebration "to allow the people to move about freely and make merry." Though there has been little official pressure on them to leave the overcrowded city, about 500,000 people out of Saigon's peak wartime population of 3 million have done so. But there are signs that the regime may become less gentle about effecting its plans for social and political reforms. Recently, the remaining foreign news organizations in Saigon were told they must close down their offices by the end of this month.

Bad Shape. Hanoi has been almost as equivocal in its postwar foreign relations as it has been—up to now—in dealing with the South. Rhetorically, the regime has been truculent, urging more guerrilla activity among its non-Communist neighbors. On the other hand,

last month a polite Vietnamese delegation turned up in Jakarta for a meeting of the Asian Development Bank. The Vietnamese, says one Japanese official, "openly admit that their economy is in bad shape and that they need outside help. They are very interested in joint ventures in which they would guarantee private foreign capital."

So are some U.S. corporations, especially banks and oil companies that held concessions in the oil-rich waters off South Viet Nam's coast. But Washington has adamantly opposed congressional proposals that the U.S. embargo on Vietnamese trade and aid be lifted experimentally. The Administration has repeatedly requested information from the Communists on the 2,518 Americans still officially listed as missing in action in Indochina. But Hanoi has held out, demanding \$3.25 billion in reconstruction aid promised by Richard Nixon—subject to congressional approval—in conjunction with the 1973 peace talks. Thus the conflict, at least on a level of dollars and diplomacy, still drags on.

The Final Days: Hanoi's Version

Two Hanoi newspapers have lately been publishing a serial account of last year's conquest of South Viet Nam. Written by North Vietnamese Chief of Staff General Van Tien Dung—second in military command to Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap—the remarkably candid narrative offers an intimate glimpse of North Vietnamese thoughts on the successful offensive. Some of Dung's main disclosures:

► The planning for the final offensive began fully a year before the attacks that signaled the end for Saigon. During a series of meetings in the spring of 1974, Hanoi's generals decided that the balance of military power in Viet Nam had swung in favor of the North. Though they were confident of eventual victory, the North Vietnamese did not expect the offensive to reach a climax until 1976. The abrupt collapse of Saigon's forces surprised Hanoi almost as much as it did everyone else.

► Dung admits that beginning in 1974, Hanoi broke the Paris accords by transporting massive reinforcements to South Viet Nam: "Great quantities of such matériel as tanks, armored cars, missiles, long-range artillery pieces and anti-aircraft guns... were sent to various battlefields." In addition, a 1,000-kilometer all-weather supply road was built to the south, as well as a concealed 5,000-kilometer gasoline pipeline. Accompanying the supply effort was a recruitment drive in the North that funneled "tens of thousands" of new troops into Hanoi's army.

► Hanoi recognized the reduction of

U.S. aid to the Saigon government as a key factor in the war's outcome. Says Dung: "Nguyen Van Thieu was forced to fight a poor man's war." He adds that Saigon's "firepower had declined by nearly 60% because of bomb and ammunition shortages. Its mobility was reduced by half, owing to the lack of aircraft, vehicles and fuel."

► A "heated discussion" took place in Hanoi regarding the possibility that the U.S. would reintervene in the South. In the end, however, Hanoi determined that the U.S. would probably stay out. One important factor: Watergate. Says Dung: "The Watergate scandal had seriously affected the entire U.S. and precipitated the resignation of an extremely reactionary, imperialist President—Nixon."

► Hanoi knew the South Vietnamese expected the first attack of the offensive to be either in Tay Ninh province, near the Cambodian border, or farther north in Pleiku. Hence the Communists' decision to launch the initial thrust against the Central Highlands city of Ban Me Thuot. That came as a complete surprise to Saigon and led President Thieu to his hasty decision to withdraw his forces from the Central Highlands. Dung calls Thieu's decision a "grave strategic mistake." Thereafter, he says, Hanoi's main problem was moving fast enough to maintain the military initiative. For example, the Communists sent a commander from Hanoi to take charge of the battle for Danang on March 26. Much to Hanoi's astonishment, the city fell only three days later—without a fight.



SOVIET UNION

Abrupt Change of Command

The leaders of the Soviet Union—Leonid Brezhnev, Nikolai Podgorny, Aleksei Kosygin—were downcast as they stood by the flower-covered bier in Moscow's imposing Trade Union House. While a string orchestra played funeral dirges, thousands of workers, soldiers and bureaucrats filed past the medal-bedecked dais for a last look at the jut-jawed countenance of Marshal Andrei Antonovich Grechko, Soviet Defense Minister and architect of the Kremlin's modern-day military might.

Grechko had died suddenly and unexpectedly at 72 in Moscow of an apparent heart attack. After lying in state for 24 hours, he was interred in the Kremlin wall, the burial spot for Soviet heroes. Grechko had been the chief

mover in Russia's shift over the past decade from a primarily defensive military machine built around big, nuclear-tipped missiles to the balanced, varied—and growing—land, air and sea force that now gives sleepless nights to NATO planners and has become an issue in the U.S. presidential campaign.

After he became Defense Minister in 1967, Grechko presided over the program of rapid diversification and modernization that catapulted Soviet forces into a situation of overall near parity with the U.S. He reorganized the officer corps, introduced advanced technology to the armored forces, and successfully tested new conventional weapons—notably air defense missiles—in the Middle East and Southeast Asia. Probably the Grechko achievement that worried Western commanders most was the strengthening and integration of Warsaw Pact forces.

Grechko Fresco. In Western capitals, the bear-size Grechko (6 ft. 2 in., 220 lbs.) was usually regarded as an archfoe of détente and disarmament. Although his precise role in the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia has long been a matter of debate, many East Europeans are persuaded that he played a decisive part. Grechko apparently argued that Czech Party Chief Alexander Dubček's political liberalization program was unacceptable from Moscow's point of view and that only a military intervention would keep the country in the Communist orbit. Even today the bullet-riddled façade of Prague's National Museum is known among Czechs as a "fresco to la Grechko."

But many analysts of Soviet affairs believe that later, Grechko—bending with the diplomatic winds—did not op-

pose a relaxation of tensions with the West. In 1973, when détente had begun in earnest, Grechko was brought into the Politburo by Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev—a rare honor for any military man. Grechko's appointment was probably intended to reassure Moscow's hawkish factions, but observers believe that Grechko was all along a strong supporter of Brezhnev's policies, including détente.

Grechko's 56-year career in uniform spanned the military history of the Soviet Union. Born to a peasant family in southern Russia, he joined the Red Army at age 16, during the bloody civil war that followed the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. He remained in the army, survived Stalin's purges of the military hierarchy in the 1930s and rose to colonel general by the end of World War II. One wartime acquaintance, Nikita Khrushchev, later recalled joking about Grechko's imposing physical stature. "Comrade General," Khrushchev quipped, "please stand back so I can look you in the eye." In 1953, after Khrushchev came to power, Grechko assumed the key post of commander of Soviet forces in East Germany, where he helped put down an anti-Soviet uprising. He easily survived the 1964 ouster of Khrushchev, in part because Khrushchev's successor, Brezhnev, was another wartime associate. A marshal by 1955, Grechko became commander in chief of the Warsaw Pact forces before taking over as Defense Minister.

Tough Guy. No sooner were Grechko's remains deposited in the Kremlin wall than his successor was announced: Dmitri Ustinov, 67, a Politburo member who for some 35 years has been in charge of Russia's armaments industry. Ustinov's appointment surprised Western Kremlinologists, most of whom predicted that Warsaw Pact Commander Ivan Yakubovskiy would get the job. Ustinov is the first civilian to head the Soviet military since Leon Trotsky was named Defense Minister in 1918 ("An unhappy precedent," quipped one analyst). The choice of Ustinov, a skilled technocrat, as Defense Minister may reflect Moscow's desire for greater efficiency in the country's mammoth defense establishment.

Certainly no Soviet leader has had more experience than Ustinov in dealing with vast, complex bureaucracies. Born to a working-class family in Samara (now Kuibyshev) in southern Russia, he was Stalin's Commissar of Armaments for most of World War II and, almost ever since, has been czar of the Soviet's military-industrial complex. Ustinov is described by one Western military attaché as "a bright, tough guy." He favors heavy military spending and accelerated technological development. In short, he will almost certainly prove a persistent adherent to the main goal established by Grechko: to make the Soviet Union militarily the most powerful nation on earth.



GRECHKO ON VISIT TO PARIS, 1972



DMITRI USTINOV

PALLBEARERS, LED BY BREZHNEV AND KOSYGIN, CARRY GRECHKO'S REMAINS

Bikingwear, joggingwear, bowlingwear, racingwear,



tenniswear, golfingwear, diningwear, Munsingwear.



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New Cardinals

The augustly red-robed College of Cardinals has one vital function: election of the Pope. Last week Paul VI named 21 new cardinals, again enlarging and internationalizing the elite electorate. When he became Pope in 1963, Italians held 28 of 80 seats. After May 24, when the new members will be installed, Italians will number only 35 of 136 cardinals.*

The appointments have stirred up new speculation about whether Paul's eventual successor might be non-Italian. Jan Cardinal Willebrands, 66, primate of the Dutch church, is, by Vatican consensus, the leading non-Italian *papabile*. He has gained a potential backer with the appointment of Aloisio Lorscheider, the influential president of the Brazilian hierarchy and fellow specialist in ecumenism. One of the new cardinals might later become *papabile* himself. England's Basil Hume (TIME, March 1), 53, who has undergone a breathtaking rise from Benedictine abbot to Archbishop of Westminster to cardinal in less than three months' time.

Naming only three Italians, Paul surprised many Vatican observers in bypassing the Vatican's top diplomat, Archbishop Agostino Casaroli, and Archbishop Giovanni Benelli, one of his closest advisers and the Deputy Secretary of State. However, promotions would have removed them from their present posts, which cardinals do not fill, and Paul may consider them indispensable.

*However, 18 of these, including eight Italians, are age 80 and over and ineligible to vote.

NEW U.S. CARDINAL WILLIAM W. BAUM



able. Two of the new cardinals were *in pectore* (in the breast), meaning that their names will be kept secret unless the Pope discloses them; these secret cardinals might be his two aides. Recent appointments *in pectore* have been from Eastern Europe, but Paul last week publicly named Archbishop Laszlo Lekai of Hungary, successor to the late Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty.

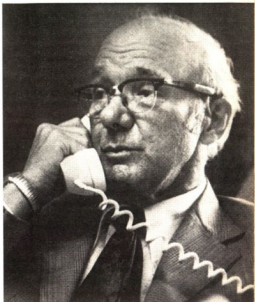
The new group includes ten Third World cardinals and one American: mild-mannered Archbishop William W. Baum, 49, of Washington, D.C. His election brought the number of American cardinals to an alltime high of twelve. Paul did not name Cincinnati's Archbishop Joseph Bernardin, the president of the U.S. bishops' conference. A possible explanation: Paul named as cardinals only two of the nine members of the permanent secretariat elected by the 1974 international Synod of Bishops, thus bypassing Bernardin and other likely candidates. By one Roman reading, he is retaliating against the synod, which aroused papal anxiety with its bold and critical views.

Bible Battles

To Evangelical Protestants, who number perhaps 40 million in the U.S., the Bible is not only the locus of faith but, increasingly, a subject of spirited debate. Things heated up considerably last week with the publication of *The Battle for the Bible* (Zondervan; \$6.95). Its author: the Rev. Harold Lindsell, 62, editor of *Christianity Today* (circ. 118,000), the movement's most influential journal. True Evangelicals must believe that the Bible is completely error-proof or "inerrant," writes Lindsell, not only on doctrine and morals but on every detail of history and science. U.S. Evangelicalism, he warns, is being dangerously "infiltrated" by laxer views.

Lindsell cites the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod as a case where "neoliberals" nearly moved an Evangelical denomination away from its traditions before conservatives regained power (thus pushing the church to the brink of schism). Lindsell sees trouble ahead in his own church body, the 12.5-million-member Southern Baptist Convention. Though no conclusive data are available, Lindsell claims that "90% of the people in the pews believe in biblical infallibility." Even so, he sees the infection of liberalism "spreading steadily."

Lindsell is also alarmed by gradual changes at the interdenominational Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif., probably the best U.S. Evangelical divinity school. Fuller once required faculty members to affirm that the Bible is "free from all error in the whole and in the part," notes Lindsell, who taught there for 17 years. But since 1972 the



EVANGELICAL AUTHOR HAROLD LINDSELL

"The gas balloon theory of theology."

creed has read simply that the Bible is "the only infallible rule of faith and practice." That leaves Fuller well to the right among seminaries, but nevertheless Lindsell believes disaster looms.

Lindsell singles out Fuller Theologian Paul K. Jewett, whose recent book *Man as Male and Female* contends that when St. Paul wrote that woman was created for man, he reflected his narrow rabbinical training and contradicted his teaching elsewhere that in Christ "there is neither male nor female." Thus Jewett questions Paul's teaching on the subordination of women.

Sharp Line. Jewett's book had already been criticized by some Fuller supporters and a faculty and board committee has been pondering whether Jewett went too far. Meanwhile Seminary President David Hubbard told a special chapel meeting that Lindsell seeks to draw a sharp line "through the heart of the Evangelical community. The dangers of forcing this cleavage are frightening." Added Hubbard in an interview: "Lindsell has the gas-balloon theory of theology. One leak and the whole Bible comes down. As a result he has to spend all his time patching."

Billy Graham—Mister Evangelical—who sits on the boards of both Lindsell's magazine and Hubbard's seminary, calls the book "one of the most important of our generation." But other Evangelicals are less enthusiastic. Says Theologian Carl F.H. Henry, Lindsell's predecessor as editor of *Christianity Today*: "Lindsell is relying on theological atom bombing. As many Evangelical friends as foes end up as casualties."

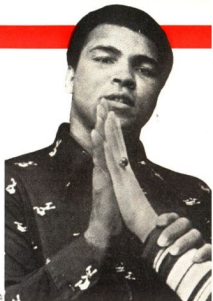
Chicago Mayor **Richard Daley**, who is pushing for a city ordinance to bar youngsters under 18 from seeing violent movies, has drawn the fire of a premier gunslinger. Actor **John Wayne**, who has been drilling Hollywood bad guys for nearly 50 years, showed up in Chicago last week and defended his brand of movie gunplay. "I've shot as many people on-screen as anybody, but I haven't shot them—like they do today—with snot running out of my nose, sweating and with my pants torn open," said Big John in an interview with Chicago *Tribune* Film Critic **Gene Siskel**. Still, isn't all that homicide harmful to younger fans? "I'll explain it a-b-c, kindly-god-dam-garden for you. Children's stories have always included knights and dragons with blood, fire and everything," retorted Wayne. Any more questions, pardner? Mr. Mayor?

When she was a college girl in the 1940s, **Eileen Heckart** had an impolitic opinion of First Lady **Eleanor Roosevelt**. "My feeling was, 'Who is this lady in the funny hats who runs all over the place?'" confesses the actress. Now the lady in the funny hats is Heckart, 57, who opens this week at Ford's Theater in Washington in a one-woman biographical play titled *Eleanor*. Besides body padding and capped buck teeth, the Eileen-to-Eleanor transformation required extensive background study. Heckart listened to old broadcasts by the First Lady, spent three days at the family's Hyde Park home and read more than two dozen books on her subject. "I wish that a great deal of her graciousness and loveliness would rub off on me,"

says Eileen. Something has. "I recently gave an autograph," she recalls, "and, my God, I signed 'E-I-e-a-' before I realized I was doing."

"Imagine, the daughter of the President of the U.S. and the baddest man in the whole world," mused Heavyweight Champion **Muhammad Ali** after welcoming **Susan Ford** to his Maryland training quarters last week. Susan, 18, who had first met him at the White House last March, had come to see Ali before his title defense against third-ranked Heavyweight **Jimmy Young**. "I used to watch him box on television," she said of the champ. "I had no choice; my brothers used to watch, and we only had one TV set." She said she would like to have seen this fight live—at Maryland's Capital Center—but she had a date for the weekend in Norfolk, Va., where she was queen of the 23rd International Azalea Festival. By fight night, Ali may have wished he had done more training and less visiting. After 15 rounds with a surprisingly tough opponent, he barely squeaked by with a decision over Young.

As movie openings go, *Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood* made its bow with a wow. Producers of the film, a take-off on 1920s animal flicks, shunned the usual theater scene and held the premiere right on Paramount's spacious Hollywood lot. With good reason, since 100 of the 575 first-nighters were canines. Among them: **Zsa Zsa Gabor's** Lhasa Apso, **Genghis Khan**, and **Valerie Perrine's** 250-lb. mastiff, **Thurber**. "Genghis was the only pet al-



MUHAMMAD ALI & SUSAN FORD COMPARE



WON TON TON AT HIS FIRST PREMIERE; ZSA ZSA GABOR & HER GENGHIS KHAN



HECKART AS ROOSEVELT WINS A YOUNG FAN

PEOPLE



HAND SIZES AT THEIR REUNION IN MARYLAND



LITTLE TWIGGY IS NOW A MEDIUM



MICK JAGGER TAKES TO THE COURT, WHERE HIS TENNIS IS ROCK 'N' ROLL



BEASTLY GEORGE C. SCOTT WITH TRISH VAN DEVERE

lowed inside the movie," boasted Zsa Zsa—a fact apparent to everyone once the beast began demonstrating his barking skills. The picture's title character, German shepherd Won Ton Ton, arrived by limo, sporting a rhinestone collar and accompanied by his trainer and a social secretary who will be arranging his promotional tour across the U.S. No autographs, please.

If the **Rolling Stones** gather no moss, it's probably because there's no room for any. When the durable British rock group set off on a European tour last week, its caravan consisted of 13 trucks filled with sets, costumes and instruments, five bodyguards, a dozen stage assemblers, assorted flacks, gofers, accountants and one man whose job is to tune Guitarist **Keith Richard's** 18 axes. One purpose of the tour is to promote the Stones' latest album, *Black and Blue*, which has sold more than a million copies since its release two weeks ago. With 39 concerts scheduled in two months, Stone Singer **Mick Jagger** prepared for the grind with tennis workouts near his house in the south of France—and got

a bit black and blue in the process. "For the last tour it was karate," he said. He makes tennis look tougher.

Considering her measurements (31-22-32), she got farthest with the leastest as a London model of the 1960s. Now **Twiggy**, 26, is spreading out. She has added 15 lbs. to her famed 91-lb. frame, recorded an album (*Twiggy*) of country-and-western music to be released this summer and just completed her first TV acting role. In a British documentary series called *Queen Victoria's Scandals*, Twigs plays the part of a 19th century spiritualist, complete with straitlaced Victorian corsets. Her expanded measurements (32-24-34) did not require stays, but her costume did. Says Twiggy of it all: "A bit painful."

Something about Actress **Trish Van Devere** is bringing out the animal in her husband **George C. Scott**. Occasionally boorish off-camera, Scott looks truly boorish after a daily three-hour make-up job for his co-starring role in the fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast*. The production, being filmed in England, will run

as a 90-minute NBC special in the U.S. and as a feature movie in other countries. The pair hopes it will fare better than their 1974 joint effort, *The Savage Is Loose*, which the critics castigated. Purrs Trish: "We are trying to do *Beauty* as a mature love story."

"When I played small clubs in Greenwich Village, the sound of ice cubes in a glass became as grating as chalk on a blackboard," recalls Brooklyn-born Singer-Composer **Neil Diamond**, 35. And that, adds the hitmaker (*Longfellow Serenade* and *Song Sung Blue*), explains why he has never appeared as one of the high-priced acts on the Las Vegas strip. Not until now, anyway. In early July he will give three concerts at the Aladdin Hotel's Theater for the Performing Arts. His fee: \$500,000, a bigger haul than **Frank Sinatra's** current record of about \$300,000 per week. If Neil does well, say Aladdin officials, they will hold him over for \$170,000 a night. And Diamond gets one other concession. No drinks will be served while he performs. The only clink heard will be the cash.



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The fuel injected
Datsun 280-Z

MERGERS

Starting a Cautious Revival

One of the most popular paths to corporate growth during the surging '60s was acquisition of other companies. The more firms an aggressive company gobbled up, the more investors it attracted and the higher the price of its stock soared. Ambitious company chiefs issued securities of inflated value to buy up wildly diverse businesses and paste them together into massive conglomerates. But many of these structures fell apart because of the collapse of stock prices in 1969 and the bouts of wild inflation and deep recession that marred the early 1970s. From almost 4,000 in 1969, the number of acquisitions fell to little more than 1,000 last year, according to figures compiled by Niederhoffer, Cross & Zeckhauser Inc., a New York firm that specializes in arranging acquisitions. Recalls Chairman Victor Niederhoffer: "People thought there was something wrong with a company if it acquired something."

Now, though, a rapidly recovering economy, a rebounding stock market and soaring corporate profits (see following story) are reviving the urge to merge. So far this year, corporate marriages have been running more than 30% ahead of the 1975 pace. In April alone, there were 123 corporate acquisitions; that was far below the peak of 430 in July 1969 but 32% ahead of the 1975 month and the highest number since January 1974. Acquisitions by well-known companies in recent months include Pillsbury Co.'s purchase of the 113 Steak & Ale restaurants; W.R. Grace's acquisition of Sheplers Inc., a clothing store; Colgate Palmolive's buy-out of Charles A. Eaton Co., a golf- and tennis-shoe producer; and H.J. Heinz Co.'s takeover of Melloday Lane Foods Corp.

The new mating game is being speeded by declining interest rates on borrowings, banks' willingness to make buy-out loans again as money becomes more plentiful and a general reduction in corporate debt that puts many firms in a stronger position to expand. In addition, foreigners, worried about the political and economic uncertainties in Europe and elsewhere, are shopping in greater numbers to buy up or into American companies. For example, a U.S. crane producer, Time Manufacturing, recently sold out to an Irish auto distributor, and a Swiss pharmaceutical corporation is now dickering to buy an American food firm.

Another factor in the resurgence of mergers is the growing willingness to sell out of small, privately owned firms with sales of \$10 million or less. According

to Niederhoffer, the owners of these businesses are still unable to attract enough investor interest to sell their shares publicly and raise capital to grow. At the same time, they fear that increased Government regulation of business is inevitable.

One intriguing aspect of the pickup in mergers and acquisitions is that black businessmen for the first time are playing a role. Until recently, many black entrepreneurs who could raise money had little experience and were forced to start their businesses from scratch in ghetto areas. As a result, the mortality rate of black-owned businesses has been high. Now, led by Manhattan's Citibank, moneymen are seeking out black entrepreneurs who have good management records and offering to finance their acquisition of successful, largely white-owned enterprises. Citibank recently helped blacks to take over a profitable Chicago margarine company.

But merger-minded businessmen today are far more cautious than their free-wheeling counterparts of the 1960s. Many buy-outs now are for cash; too many owners who sold businesses in the '60s lost money when the price of the securities they took in return plummeted. Some owners will still accept common stocks of the buying company, but they resolutely reject any of the more complex arrangements involving new issues of preferred stock, convertible debentures, warrants or the like. Prices, too, tend to be conservative. Six or seven

years ago, companies were often sold for three or even four times their book value (the stated value of assets minus liabilities). Today, many fetch only 10% or 15% above book. Companies now are also concerned about the "fit" of the acquisition. Managers want the product line of the firm they acquire to mesh with their own company's products or at least fit logically into their marketing and management setups. That is a far cry from the 1960s, when any company in any field that seemed potentially profitable was fair game for the conglomerates.

Unhappy memories of the last merger craze will probably continue to impose some restraints on acquisition-minded companies, at least for a while. But the acid test of how well the lesson has been learned will have to wait until the economy is fully recovered and the yearning for quick corporate growth is once again abroad in the land.

PROFITS

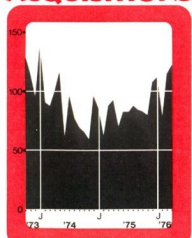
A Most Robust Rebound

What was good for General Motors last week really was good for the country. The auto giant reported first-quarter profits of \$800 million, v. \$59 million a year earlier—when the auto industry and the whole economy were floundering at the bottom of the nation's worst postwar recession. Although few if any companies matched that 1,200% leap, GM's dazzling performance highlights a happy trend: corporate profits have already rebounded from the slump to near-record levels. Most estimates are that the first-quarter profits of all the nation's companies rose a total 40% to 50% above the 1975 period. The leap, of course, was from profit levels that were sorely depressed, but it still indicates that the recovery is proceeding even more smoothly than had been predicted. The healthy earnings also promise that the economy's upturn will accelerate further in the months to come.

Why the surge? One reason is that many businessmen succeeded in maintaining or even increasing prices during the recession. Their total profits fell last year as sales dropped off, but their profit margin on each dollar of sales held up fairly well. Now, with sales rebounding, the margins translate into zooming total profits. In addition, output per man-hour in nonfarm industries is rising nearly as fast as labor costs. That may change as more workers are hired and wages rise, but for the moment it means fatter profits. Most important, consumers are now buying the autos, appliances, clothes and other products they passed by during the recession.

GM is not the only spectacular gain-

TOTAL ACQUISITIONS

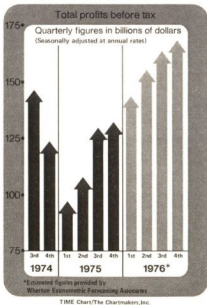


er. Chrysler rang up a first-quarter profit of \$72.1 million, v. a loss of \$94.1 million in the opening three months of 1975. Outside the auto industry, profits of electronic and electrical-equipment firms on average have more than doubled; some apparel and textile firms are showing increases of more than 300%; profits in the glass business (whose fortunes are closely tied to Detroit's) seem to be up 150% or so. Even railroads and some airlines are showing modest gains. Metals producers are lagging: U.S. Steel's profits fell 46.5% in the first quarter and Bethlehem's 64.6%, while Anaconda suffered a \$4.7 million loss. But even they should do better later this year, when spending is expected to pick up.

Spending Money. At the start of 1976, most economists projected a 25% to 30% rise in corporate profits for the year as a whole. Now guesses range from 30% to 35%. The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania foresees pretax corporate profits running at a record annual rate of \$168.4 billion in this year's last three months (see chart). If that happens, the recovery may gain even more steam. Higher profits give corporations the money to step up spending on new plant and equipment, which so far has been dragging.

Other indicators also are promising. True, the index of leading indicators—those figures that foreshadow economic trends—fell 4% in March, but that appeared to be an aberration that probably was reversed in April. Some economists already believe that total national output in the current quarter, discounted for inflation, will match the unexpectedly strong 7.5% gain of the first three months.

SOARING EARNINGS



U.S. TOURISTS BARGAIN HUNTING IN LONDON; INSET, T.U.C.'S LEN MURRAY

BRITAIN

Crucial Showdown over Pay

Powerful, fractious and strike prone, Britain's labor unions have contributed heavily over the years to the sagging productivity and destructive wage inflation that have brought their nation to the brink of economic disaster. Last summer it took the threat of imminent economic collapse to win agreement by the unions to a voluntary limit on pay. This week Britain faces another crucial test of its ability to get labor cooperation in surmounting the nation's frightening economic woes. Leaders of the Trades Union Congress have set themselves a deadline of Wednesday for deciding whether to agree to a government proposal for even tighter restrictions on raises or to formulate a policy of their own. Whatever the leaders recommend will be voted on in June by the T.U.C.'s 10 million members.


The bargaining is the first major challenge for new Prime Minister James Callaghan. His Labor government is pressing on the T.U.C. a novel proposal: accept another year of stringent wage restraint in exchange for a substantial cut in workers' income taxes. The government's plan, detailed by Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, calls for limiting pay increases to 3% (an average of \$3.70 per week) over the twelve months starting Aug. 1. That is the expiration date for present voluntary wage controls, which limit all raises to £6 (at present exchange rates, a bit less than \$12) a week. Healey argues persuasively that the combination of low raises and lower taxes would give everyone more purchasing power than higher pay boosts, which would be promptly swallowed by accelerated inflation.

The unions' first reaction was antagonistic. In the tradition of trying to

improve on what Healey termed the government's best offer, T.U.C. leaders demanded that the limit on raises be upped to 5%—and that their members get the tax cuts too. But as the talks ground on last week, the T.U.C. and the government exhibited a growing willingness to compromise.

The need for a speedy and sound agreement can hardly be overemphasized. Uncertainty about the outcome of the pay talks has caused nervous investors to dump sterling. Last week the pound hit a record low of about \$1.80 before rallying to close at \$1.84—still down 8% against the dollar in less than two months. No significant recovery is likely until a workable pay policy is adopted and investors' fears of a new burst of inflation are put to rest. A cheaper pound will give British goods a price edge in world markets; it is already driving hordes of bargain-hunting tourists from the U.S. and Europe to Britain. But the drop in sterling will also add fuel to the nation's inflation by increasing the cost of imports, including such essentials as food and raw materials.

Wage Austerity. A tight limit on raises is a key element in the government's strategy to revive Britain's faltering industry without kicking up prices. In his first major speech since assuming office on April 5, Callaghan argued that a refusal by the unions to go along with the government's plan would mean "more unfairness, higher prices and more jobs lost." The government has been especially encouraged by the relative success of the current pay policy. When the program took effect last August, inflation was galloping ahead at an annual rate of 26%; today it is 13%. But if the government is to achieve



"I know why I'll
never be replaced
by a computer."

*Mary Grace Ritter,
Reservations Agent*

"Most calls I get are from
business travelers. They
know where they want
to go and they want
convenient schedules.
And our computer
helps me help them. But
when any customer has
a problem, or when a
family's taking a trip and
they need advice—that's
when no computer can
do what I do best. That's
when the way people feel
about American Airlines
depends on the way they
feel about me."

*We're American Airlines.
Doing what we do best.*

**I AM
AMERICAN
AIRLINES**

The Hawaiian Islands. Stop all thoughts of anywhere else for a moment. Think Hawaii. You see beautiful islands and palm trees and beaches with surf lapping the shore. And there are beautiful tan people and people with beautiful tans.

Typical.

But that's not what Hawaii's really all about. It's all that and so much more. Hawaii is where East meets West under the best conditions in the world. And that just

Kea on a moonlit night. Interesting people live here, too. For example, would you believe the Goddess of Fire, according to legend, lives here in a volcano, one you look right down into. It's alive, too; all bubbly with molten lava. For more tranquil beauty, the Island's largest city, Hilo, has an orchid population of millions and millions. Here also are grown most of the world's papaya and macadamia nuts. For real excitement, try game fishing off the Kona Coast, famous for its

Islanders. Stop here and the first thing that stops you will be the variety. In fact, there are more scenic distractions across Kauai's verdant valleys than you can count. Incidentally, you haven't heard the Hawaiian Wedding Song until you hear it here, at the unforgettable and romantic Fern Grotto.

Molokai is the Friendly Isle and it won't take too much time to figure out why. It's off the beaten path; relaxing, fishing and hunting are exceptional here.

STOP:

DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND VISIT HAWAII.

might make for the happiest people-mix on earth. It's here in Hawaii that cultural ties to other times and other places are manifest throughout the islands. Each island has its own history, its own beauty, its own inviting aloha spirit and ways.

Come.

Hawaii is the Big Island of the multi-island Hawaiian Fleet. In fact, it's twice as big as any of its neighbors, so naturally it's called the Big Island. Hawaii is not only large, it's high: for a stopper of a scene, look up at snowcapped Mauna

prize catches.

Maui. Stop at Maui and you're stopping at what was once the brawling whaling capital of the Pacific. Today there are still whales; they cavort in freedom and safety in full view of golfers on championship courses. The old whaling town of Lahaina has been restored and features a whole string of waterside boutiques, eateries and quaint shops of one kind and another. Three miles away there's Kaanapali Beach and its world-renowned resort area.

Kauai. It's the Garden Isle to

Lanai. This gentle island is the pineapple capital of Hawaii if not the world. It's a great place to take a vacation from your vacation. You know, just the two of you.

Oahu is the Gathering Place. In fact, it's the first stop on most itineraries. No wonder. It's Honolulu and Waikiki; it's sun by day, swing by night. But most of all, it's one of the really sophisticated, worldly and wonderful places on earth. All we're really saying is this: when you've seen one island, you've only seen one. So stop reading, see your travel agent, and come visit us!

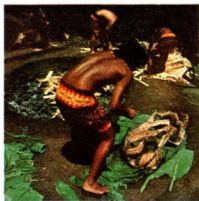
THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

More than a pretty place.

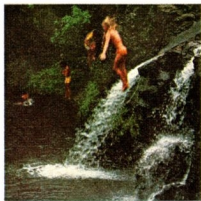
On behalf of the people of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai, Lanai and the Big Island of Hawaii.



Sun stop



Pit stop



Can't stop



Hop stop



Quick stop



Shop stop



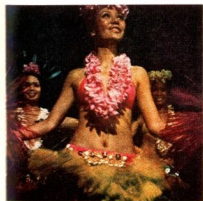
Bus stop



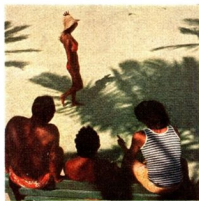
Fuel stop



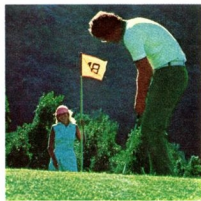
Full stop



Nonstop



Whistle stop



Last stop

Model SL-7200 Betamax videotape deck. Suggested retail price, \$1,300 including automatic timer.

You just finished watching your favorite Monday night 9 o'clock show.

Unfortunately, there was something else on at 9 that you wanted to see.

But you had to miss one of them, right?

Well, not any more.

Because with Sony's new Betamax deck, while you're watching your favorite Monday night 9 o'clock show, you can actually be videotaping that other show you want to see.

Let's take another situation.

You have to go to a P.T.A. meeting on a night that there's something

on TV you're dying to see.

Well, you won't miss this one either.

Because Betamax comes with an automatic timer that you can set to tape up to one hour *while you're not there*.

The tapes, by the way, are reusable—just record over them, and use them over and over again.

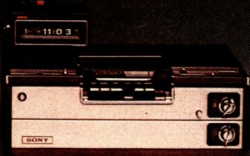
And, as we said before, Betamax can jack into any TV, even if it's not a Sony.

However, if it's *not* a Sony, even though you won't miss your program you will be missing something else.

NOW YOU CAN SEE WHAT YOU MISSED.



ACTUAL PLAYBACK OF CLOSED-CIRCUIT PICTURE.



Sony's new Betamax deck can jack into any TV and actually videotape something off one channel while you're watching another channel.

INTRODUCING BETAMAX[®]
"IT'S A SONY."

its goal of slowing inflation to a rate of 9% or less by March, a second year of strict wage controls is essential.

Healey is also concerned about the tendency of wages to drift up even under controls because of unexpected overtime, costly seniority rules and other factors. For example, the present pay policy was calculated to permit earnings to rise only about 10% a year, but they have actually risen at a 13% pace. Thus Healey is not willing to agree to, say, a 4% limit unless the unions can come up with a way to prevent the increase from leading to any significant drift.

Differing with Healey are such key labor leaders as Jack Jones, chief of the Transport and General Workers' Union, and Len Murray, T.U.C. general secretary. They insist that a 5% limit is feasible, provided it is matched by import controls and strict regulation of prices. But the government is opposed to curbs on imports, believing quite rightly that they would only provoke retaliation by other nations and choke off any chance that Britain has of an export-led recovery. Healey also wants to loosen rather than tighten price controls to give British industry sufficient profits to invest more heavily in badly needed new plants.

Though anything could happen, the portents are favorable. T.U.C. leaders are well aware that if they take an obdurate stand and force Healey to withdraw all or part of his popular offer of tax relief, they will be blamed. Labor would also be faulted for a further drop in the pound and more inflation.

TRADE

Square-Off in Nairobi

Wielding his familiar giraffe-tail fly whisk, octogenarian Kenyan President Jomo Kenyatta, 85, this week will welcome more than 3,000 delegates from 152 countries to Nairobi's Kenyatta Conference Center—a building that looks like a 350-ft-tall hair curler. The occasion: the quadrennial meeting of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD), a group set up in 1964 primarily to give poor countries a forum in which to air their economic problems. In its three previous gatherings, UNCTAD has produced an elephantine mass of paper but little of substance. UNCTAD IV, which will meet for three weeks, had better achieve something more. At issue is the Third World's increasingly clamorous and potentially disruptive demand for a "new international economic order" that would give less developed countries (LDCs) a bigger share of global wealth.

Reaching agreement will not be easy. Meeting last February in Manila, the organization of LDCs known as the Group of 77 (it has expanded to 110 countries) drew up 17 demands that, if adopted, would thoroughly reorganize

the workings of international trade. Some of the proposals are patently impractical, and the U.S. is determined to oppose the "Manila Declaration" pretty much down the line. But UNCTAD Secretary General Gamani Corea, 50, an Oxford Ph.D. in economics from Sri Lanka, would view the conference as a success if it can produce agreement on just two subjects: easing the LDCs' crippling burden of debt, and stabilizing world raw-materials prices.

Mostly because of the high price of oil and of imports from industrialized countries, LDCs have sharply increased their borrowing in the past two years. They now owe an estimated \$145 billion to rich nations, to agencies like the International Monetary Fund and to private banks. By the Morgan Guaranty

lending capacity by more than 30%.

Since Third World countries get more than 60% of their hard currencies by exporting raw materials, they are determined to keep commodity prices stable—and high. For the past few years, prices have been gyrating wildly; producing countries have alternated between brief bonanzas and devastating slumps, and soaring commodity prices speeded the industrial world's runaway inflation of 1973-74.

Agreements of varying efficacy now exist to stabilize the prices of tin and coffee. Secretary General Corea and the Group of 77 want an "integrated program" to cover those commodities and eight others: cocoa, copper, cotton, hard fibers (like sisal), jute, rubber, sugar and tea. They will ask that a \$3 billion fund

AP PHOTO



TEA PLUCKERS AT WORK IN HILL COUNTRY OF CENTRAL SRI LANKA
Frustration is not conducive to world peace.

Trust Co.'s estimate, they will have to borrow more than an additional \$40 billion this year. Interest and principal payments are swallowing most of the aid that the poor countries get. The Group of 77 will demand that the very poorest countries be granted a moratorium on their debts; that the IMF and similar institutions increase their lending without requiring borrowers to practice various economies at home; that debt-service burdens be eased by stretching out repayment schedules; and that the developed countries double direct aid and low-interest loans, to 0.7% of their aggregate gross national products.

These proposals, on the whole, are unacceptable to the industrialized nations. The U.S. position, with which Japan and West Germany are likely to agree, is that debt crises should be treated on a country-to-country basis. The wealthy nations have already agreed, however, to increase the IMF's

be set up to accumulate stockpiles of each product. An independent group appointed by producers and consumers would be empowered to add to and sell from the stockpiles to keep world prices within a preagreed range.

The U.S. believes, as Assistant Treasury Secretary Gerald Parsky put it last week, that "commodity problems can be dealt with on a case-by-case basis." The U.S. prefers arrangements like the one between the European Community and 46 of its members' onetime colonies, under which commodity-producing nations get special loans if export revenues fall below a certain level. At Nairobi, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger will suggest an International Resources Bank that would borrow money from private firms and governments of developed nations and relend the cash to LDCs to increase raw-materials production.

For all the divergent ideas, a fragile climate of cooperation exists in practice

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

between the rich and poor countries: both genuinely want to make UNCTAD IV a success. The stakes go beyond economics. As Corea warns, the potential "frustration and failure" of the poor countries are not healthy for world peace.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Polaroid Sues Kodak

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart.

'Tis woman's whole existence.

—Lord Byron, *Don Juan*, 1819

Clumsily paraphrasing the poet at Polaroid Corp.'s annual meeting last week, Chairman Edwin Land said that "to the rest of the photographic industry, instant photography is a thing apart. To Polaroid, it is the whole of life." By "the rest" of the industry, Land meant Eastman Kodak, which six days earlier had introduced two instant-picture cameras of its own (TIME, May 3), threatening Polaroid with its first serious competition since Land invented instant photography three decades ago. Though Kodak's entry had long been anticipated, Land viewed it as an illegal incursion on turf that he had carefully cultivated into an \$800 million-a-year business—and thousands of Polaroid shareholders agreed. They greeted with prolonged applause and cheers an announcement that Polaroid had sued Kodak in an effort to stop the photographic giant (1975 sales: \$5 billion) from moving in on Polaroid's territory.

The suit, filed at literally the last minute (4:59 p.m.) in Boston's U.S. District Court the day before both Polaroid and Kodak held their annual meetings, charges Kodak with violating ten Polaroid patents for instant film and cam-

eras—two of them filed by Land personally. Along with triple damages, the suit asks the court to block Kodak from selling its cameras, which it had planned to do starting this month in Canada and late next month in the U.S.

Prancing and gesturing in front of a giant photograph of Renoir's painting *The Dance at Bougival* (taken by an experimental Polaroid camera that reproduces works of art with startling fidelity), Land put on a virtuoso performance for the stockholders. He passionately defended the U.S. patent system: "We took nothing from anybody. We gave a great deal to the world. The only thing keeping us alive is our brilliance. The only thing that keeps our brilliance alive is our patents." He twitted Kodak's new camera, saying that "the new group would like to confine its use to cocktail parties." That was a reference to the Kodak cameras' bulky size and the belief of some analysts that it is best suited to indoor use.

Patent Attack. Land's performance skirted the questions of whether 30 years is long enough, in the U.S. competitive system, for a company to have a market all to itself and of how sound the legal basis is for Polaroid's suit. Kodak brushed off the suit. In a formal statement issued in the U.S., it denied knowingly violating any "valid" patents, and it promptly sued in Canada to have Polaroid's patents declared invalid.

Precedent is against Polaroid's stopping Kodak from selling its cameras. Six years ago, for example, Xerox sued to prevent IBM from selling a plain-paper copier. The suit is still unresolved and IBM not only is selling the line of copiers involved but has come out with two new ones. The outlook in the camera case is for a pitched battle in the marketplace while the struggle in the courtroom drags on. Polaroid's and Kodak's patent lawyers are the best, and they have already fully prepared their cases. One patent lawyer not connected with either side says that his colleagues at Kodak studied Polaroid's patents for six or seven years, then advised management to go ahead with the new cameras in the full knowledge that they might be sued. One possible outcome: an out-of-court settlement in which Kodak would sell its new cameras but pay royalties to Polaroid on any patents that were in fact infringed.

WALL STREET

Shift at the Big Board

Through the mid-1960s, the job of heading the New York Stock Exchange was prosaic and long lasting. G. Keith Funston ran the Big Board for 16 years, from 1951 to 1967. But as reforms began eroding the "private club" nature of the largest and most important U.S. securities market, the boss's job has turned into a shaky one. Robert W.



OUTGOING NEEDHAM



INCOMING BATTEN

Haack, now chairman of Lockheed Aircraft Corp., was squeezed out after five years. Last week the climate of change proved too much for another Big Board chief. James J. Needham, chairman since 1972, resigned under pressure with two years to go on his contract.

Needham will be succeeded on May 19 by William Milfred Batten, 67 next month, who spent 48 years at J.C. Penney, the big retailer, before retiring as chairman and chief executive. Four years ago he was named a Big Board director. Aside from his brief exchange tenure, "Mil" Batten has had no experience in securities markets. But the exchange's directors view him as a man who can unify the exchange's diverse elements—at least for the next year or two—and help Wall Street adjust to Government-ordered changes. Among them: the abolition of fixed commissions on stock trades and loosening of the rule that has prevented Big Board members from trading N.Y.S.E.-listed stocks off the exchange.

Easing the transition has been Needham's thankless mission. By the accounts of even his bitterest enemies, his job was an impossible one. He had to negotiate Wall Street acceptance of reforms that he opposed strongly himself because he felt that they would undermine the pre-eminence of the organization he headed. For example, he favored the idea of one central U.S. securities market, as long advocated by the Securities and Exchange Commission, but he left no doubt that he wanted the N.Y.S.E. to be that market. The SEC, on the other hand, wants a computerized network that would tie together all U.S. stock exchanges.

Now 49 and a former member of the SEC, Needham was not the first or even second choice of N.Y.S.E. directors to become the Big Board's first full-time chairman and chief executive under a sweeping reorganization that abolished the old board of governors. It was replaced with 21 directors—ten elected from the brokerage community, ten

POLAROID'S LAND FLANKS INSTANT RENOI



Why smoke Now?

If you're a smoker who has been thinking about 'tar' and nicotine, here's why you might consider smoking Now.

Now has the lowest 'tar' and nicotine levels available to you in a cigarette. 2 mg. 'tar,' 2 mg. nicotine. It comes in both filter and menthol.

Now also gives you real smoking satisfaction. The flavor is mild and pleasant.

Now draws free and easy for a cigarette so low in 'tar' and nicotine.

Now has a uniquely designed filter that makes all this possible for the first time.

Compare 'tar' numbers. You'll see that 2 mg. is the lowest.

When is a good time to switch to Now? There's no better time than right now.



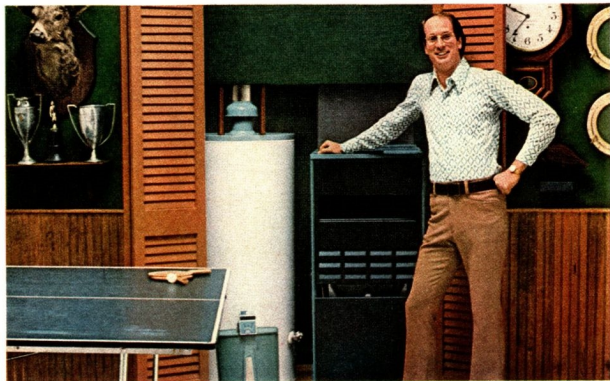
Now. 2mg 'tar' is lowest.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

3 of America's best energy savers:




Your gas heating system, gas water heater and you.

Your gas equipment saves energy.

Natural gas is efficient energy. That comes right from the U.S. Council on Environmental Quality. And it's an important advantage these days, when America needs to get the most work for the fuel expended. Not only is gas itself efficient, but so are today's gas appliances. There are new gas heating systems with gas-saving pilots that are only "on" when the furnace is operating. And now there are gas water heaters that save gas with double-density insulation and improved fuel utilization.

You can help save more.

Here are a few simple ideas for saving heat, and conserving America's gas. Turn your thermostat down a few degrees. Use storm doors and windows. Be sure your house is well-insulated. And don't forget that saving hot water will help save gas. Keep your water heater at the normal setting or lower. Take shorter showers. Fix leaky faucets. And do full loads in your dishwasher and washing machine.

Use gas wisely. It's clean energy for today and tomorrow. **AAGAA** American Gas Association 

from the business community at large, plus the chairman. Directors thought that Needham's commanding demeanor and SEC background would help Wall Street in coping with change.

It did not work out that way. The Big Board's boss must win the support of numerous, and sometimes quarreling, constituencies—the brokers who deal with the public and the specialists and floor traders who work inside the exchange. Needham had that support at first, but gradually lost it as his stands on crucial issues alienated one group after another. He would, in Don Quixote fashion, stand against reform long after almost everyone else had given up and prepared for the inevitable. On one occasion, Needham took a George Wallace-like vow to meet the SEC "on the courthouse steps" to block the abolition of fixed commissions—then he failed to carry out his challenge.

Powerful Wall Streeters began looking for a replacement last year. One who was considered: Melvin Laird. Two weeks ago, Batten was persuaded to take over the chairmanship while Needham was in Europe. When Needham returned early last week, he was presented with a *fait accompli*. He resigned. His successor Batten may well be only a caretaker chairman. Among candidates to succeed him eventually: Paul Kolton, current chairman of the American Stock Exchange and Donald Marron, the brilliant (IQ: 190) chief of Mitchell, Hutchins, a Wall Street brokerage house. Needham plans to stay on as a consultant to Batten. But he rejected the Big Board's No. 2 post of president. That, in the view of one exchange officer would have been like descending from hotel boss to men's-room attendant.

IRAN

Too Much, Too Soon

Most developing nations dream of striking it rich and becoming a global power almost overnight. Can it be done? Iran would seem to have a chance if any nation does. Using its vast oil revenues, the country is well into a bold \$70 billion, six and a half year development program. New industries, notably steel, autos and synthetic fibers, helped Iran to boost gross national product to a record \$54 billion last year (from \$26 billion in 1973) and raise per capita income to a healthy \$1,570 (from \$806); just about any adult in the population of 36 million can find a job. Yet for all that, Iran has run into monumental problems in its drive to develop into a modern industrial state, as shown by the fact that the nation's annual growth rate has dropped from 42% to 17%, and Iran is projecting a small budget deficit this year (TIME, March 1).

Iran quite simply wants to do too much too fast. The trouble can be most easily seen anywhere needed imports ar-



IRANIAN WOMEN IN FRONT OF SHOWROOM STOCKED WITH LUXURY CARS

rive. Every Iranian port on the Persian Gulf, from Abadan to Bandar Abbas, has become not a gateway but a bottleneck. Dock facilities are totally inadequate to handle the volume of goods that have been ordered. Despite round-the-clock shifts for longshoremen and feverish construction of new piers, the average time for a ship to get a berth is an almost incredible 150 days.

While the ships wait at sea, they in effect serve as floating warehouses. That cost Iran a cool \$1 billion in port surcharges last year. Perishable goods are lost. One freighter unloaded its cargo of rice, only to find that it had cooked into a giant pilaf in the steamy holds.

The sheer quantity of money pouring into Iran's economy raises other difficulties. *Pol-e-chah* (tea money or bribes and kickbacks) has traditionally added 10% to 15% to the cost of doing business. Now the tab has jumped. A group of Iranian air force officers are awaiting questioning about the building of a \$100 million airstrip. According to a government audit, only one-third of the money actually went into construction.

An even more insidious threat to Iran's development is that the benefits flow to the already rich classes. One result is an attitude of *largesse oblige*—if you have money, spend it. Instead of heading for Caspian Sea resorts, affluent Iranians now fly to Europe for a vacation—or a dental checkup, a visit to a London tailor or a Paris mistress. Some government ministers have tripled their departments' budgets, then put the money into expensive furniture and other signs of ostentation. The governor of Baluchistan province almost lost his job for ending his fiscal year with a \$2.5 million surplus. Explains a Tehran editor: "It is considered almost immoral not to spend lavishly."

Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi has tried to crack down on corruption. Recently, 17,000 Tehran shopkeepers, butchers, grocers and other small businessmen were arrested for price gouging. A new law combats *pol-e-chah* by making contractors submit affidavits revealing payments to local middlemen and influence peddlers. Various other laws aim at redistributing wealth. Businessmen must now turn over 20% of their profits to their workers, and employees are allowed to buy as much



HIGH-RISE APARTMENTS GOING UP LAST YEAR IN TEHRAN; FOREGROUND, SOME OF THE CITY'S SLUMS

as 49% ownership in their companies.

While such steps might help to hold down costs and speed the creation of a large middle class, they also make business planning difficult. Ahmed Lajavadi, chairman of the Behshahr Industrial group, complains that the new rules are confusing. He wants a firm long range policy instead. "So that we know what to expect." Worse, adds a Western businessman in Tehran, the plethora of laws might scare off foreign investment.

Indexing Idea. What frightens Iranian planners most is the unanticipated slump in oil sales over the past two years. To offset a \$2.4 billion decline in income, they have postponed plant construction and raised corporate taxes. But the experience has not changed Iran's position as one of the leading price hawks in the OPEC cartel—quite the opposite. Though Iran made a tiny price cut on heavy crude last winter as a concession to the market, its planners fully intend to argue OPEC into raising prices again this year. How much? Hushang Ansary, Minister of Economic Affairs and Finance, voices again the old idea of tying oil prices to an index of important imports: military hardware, capital goods and foodstuffs. Some of these, Ansary insists, "rose as much as 400% in the past nine months."

BOYCOTTS

You're Another

Every U.S. company that does business with the Arab world—and just about every significant corporation does—faces a dilemma. It must comply with Arab laws. But one of those laws is that a business must refuse to deal with companies that in any way aid Israel's economic development. This Arab boycott adds up to a type of discrimination that President Ford has condemned. So what is a company to do?

Last week Bechtel Corp., a huge San Francisco-based engineering and construction firm (1975 contracts: \$3 billion), came up with a startling answer. It insists that a company has to observe the boycott to the same degree as the U.S. Government does—and it argues that the Government is in fact complying with the boycott.

Violation Charged. Bechtel has profitably worked in the Middle East for 32 years and now has several multimillion-dollar projects under way there. In January the Department of Justice sued Bechtel in a test case, asking that it be enjoined from obeying the boycott. The charge: by refusing to give work to blacklisted U.S. firms, the engineering company was restricting competition and thus violating the Sherman Act, the basic U.S. antitrust law.

In response, Bechtel admitted it is

indeed complying with the boycott but denied it is restraining competition because the goods or services of blacklisted firms would not be allowed into Arab countries anyway. In addition, Bechtel contends that the Justice Department is seeking to broaden illegally the Sherman Act to include foreign or political boycotts, as well as domestic restraints of trade. Most compellingly, the company argues that the Government itself is complying with the boycott. Specifically, Bechtel said several U.S. agencies, most notably the Army Corps of Engineers and the U.S. Geological Survey, when working in Arab countries, have "engaged in the same activities as those charged against the defendants"—that is, refusing to deal with companies the Arabs blacklist.

The charge drew an embarrassed "no comment" from the agencies involved. But, says Bechtel Corp. President George P. Shultz—who until 1974 was Secretary of the Treasury—the fact that the Government agencies work in the Middle East indicates that "they must be complying with the Arab boycott." In its court papers, Bechtel asserts that the acts of these agencies "are as much a declaration of law and policy" as the Justice Department suit. The next step is hearings in a federal district court in San Francisco, which every U.S. company—not to mention Government agencies and Jewish organizations—will watch with interest.

BEHAVIOR

The Gripes of Academe

Journalist Gail Sheehy, 39, a splashy writer for *New York* magazine on such eye-catching subjects as hookers and Black Panthers, attended a New York lecture in 1973 that changed her life. Deep in personal crisis at the time and armed with a foundation grant to study genetic engineering, Sheehy heard Yale Psychologist Daniel Levinson outline his

JOURNALIST GAIL SHEEHY



theory of adult life stages (*TIME*, April 28, 1975): that grownups go through life cycles and crises just as predictable as the adolescent stages outlined by Erik Erikson and the childhood stages (terrible twos, noisy nines) charted by Spock, Piaget and others.

It was—and is—a very tentative field for anything like precise study. Such theories, in fact, have been greeted with skepticism by orthodox psychologists, but Sheehy was enthusiastic. She switched her focus from genetics to adult development, talked to Levinson and two other researchers with strikingly similar findings, U.C.L.A. Psychiatrist Roger Gould and Harvard Psychiatrist George Vaillant, and plunged into her own life-cycle interviewing. The results: one of the most successful series of articles in *New York* magazine's history, and a \$37,500 advance for a book (*Passages: Predictable Crises of Adult Life*, due this month from E.P. Dutton).

The book ranges from the typical patterns of the 20s (establishing oneself and cutting links to parents) up to the mellow 50s when the "mid-life crisis" of fading purpose and strength presumably has been faced. Though the book seems a bit like a sprawling rewrite of the four *New York* pieces, Dutton feels it has a bestseller on its hands. Sheehy believes

Ronrico. Great white rum from Puerto Rico.

Ronrico white rum.

Every drop is made and bottled in Puerto Rico, using mountain spring water from the world-famous rain forest.

See how much smoother your drinks are when you use Ronrico real rum in place of gin or vodka.



Understanding the critical difference between a gin, a vodka and a white rum martini.



Gin martini

No two martinis are alike. And ultimately you'll decide what's best for you. That's as it should be.

But as you try each one, see if you can detect the critical difference that gives each martini its own special character.

Often as not it comes in the first sip. For instance, the first sip of a gin martini leaves you feeling like you've swallowed a bouquet of flowers. That's the herbs and the juniper-berry oil speaking.

A vodka martini has a very distinguishable hard edge. That's because it's not aged.

Not so much as a day.

We've got age on our side.

The white rum martini is different. The first sip is surprisingly smooth. And if it's possible, each succeeding sip seems to get smoother and smoother. That's because white rum — white rum from Puerto Rico,

to be exact — is aged until it's smoother than gin or vodka.

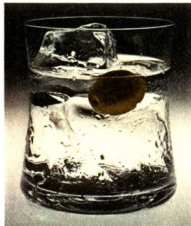
White rum scores clear win over gin and vodka.

Some 550 drinkers in 20 major cities across the country were asked to compare gin, vodka and white rum. And they compared them straight, so no other tastes could muddle their judgment.

Only 24.2% preferred gin. Vodka did better with 34.4%. But white rum came out on top with 41.4%. When asked why they preferred white rum most of the respondents spoke of "taste" and "smoothness."

You probably have the makings on hand.

Chances are you already have everything you need to make a white



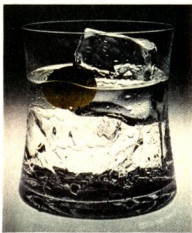
Vodka martini

rum martini. Take a look.

Take an even closer look at your

bottle of white rum. Notice the bottom of the label. The odds are five to one that it says "Puerto Rican Rum." That's because 83% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

Enough statistics. Now it's time to enjoy a white rum martini. Make it the way you make an ordinary martini. Serve up or on the rocks and you're ready to go.



White rum martini

Smoothness is critical.

Every sip of your white rum martini whispers smoothness. It's what distinguishes it so beautifully from other martinis. But don't stop with one. Have a white rum martini every night for a week.

Then see how rough it is when you try going back to martinis made with gin or vodka.

Of course, if you never take the first sip, you can't begin to know. And that would be a pity.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

© 1975 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico





"Unbelievable."

What would you say about a small wagon with a size and style all its own?

A wagon that's smaller than the big and bigger than the small. With a load capacity only 100 pounds less than that of a full-sized wagon and over 200 pounds more than that of a subcompact wagon. And with available convenience features like power seats, power windows, and automatic speed control. Aspen's almost too good to be true!

What would you say about a small wagon that got an EPA estimated mileage of 30 MPG highway and 18 MPG city?

According to EPA estimated mileage results, the Aspen wagon got 30 MPG on the highway and 18 city. The Aspen coupe and sedan got 27 MPG highway and 18 city. All were equipped with a 225 Six and manual transmission. (Your actual mileage may differ, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment. In California, see your Dealer for mileage results.) Very nice, indeed!

What would you say about a small wagon with a ride that rivals that of a full-sized car?

A small wagon with a unique new front suspension that gives it a smooth, quiet ride you usually find in bigger cars. Aspen's Isolated Transverse Suspension. It's unbelievable!

What would you say about a small wagon with a price that starts at only \$3,658?

That's based on the manufacturer's suggested retail price for the base wagon (not shown), excluding state and local taxes, destination charge, and optional equipment. The Aspen SE wagon, pictured above, starts at \$3,988. The whitewalls, wheel covers, luggage rack, fender-mounted turn signals, bumper guards, and protective rub strips shown are \$250 extra. Other Aspen prices start at only \$3,336 for the coupe and \$3,371 for the sedan.



ASPEN

The new Dodge Aspen.
For a small wagon at a small price,
it's unbelievable.

Winner of the 1976
Motor Trend Magazine
Car of the Year Award.

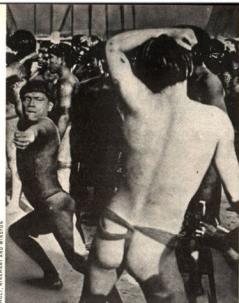


BEHAVIOR

she has "made a bridge between journalistic and academic methods." As the author tells it, she learned her anthropological methods from Anthropologist Margaret Mead in a post graduate year of study at Columbia. Sheehy contends that *Passages* could easily have been published as a doctoral dissertation to establish her credentials in psychology.

Several academic researchers are less kind, dismissing Sheehy's work as garbled Pop psychology. Worse yet are charges that the lady has unfairly ripped off her professorial mentors. Says Levinson: "She is incomplete, to put it mildly, in acknowledging her use of my published and unpublished material." Many of Sheehy's findings were indeed reported earlier by academics; where she does cite experts they tend to be introduced as mere spear carriers in her own pageant. Levinson, for example, outlined the "mentor phenomenon"—that in middle age a man feels the need to promote the fortunes of a younger worker. In 1970 Margaret Hennig, co-director of Simmons College's graduate program in management, reported on the importance of mentors to women in corporate life. Gould wrote about the marital disharmony that comes from projecting conflicts with parents onto the spouse. Yet Sheehy insists that most of the book is original, including her portraits of "the piggyback principle" (wife living her husband's vicariously through her husband's career), "the sexual diamond" (men and women are most alike before age 18 and after age 60 but dangerously different in the middle years), and "Switch-40s" (men acquire feminine characteristics, and women adopt masculine ones in mid-life).

Fiscal Balm. Hennig, at least, has no gripe. "She used my stuff, but this is real life and I'm not upset about it. She gave me credit." Gould, however, was furious, and filed a plagiarism suit against Sheehy and Dutton. The case was settled out of court: Gould received \$10,000 and 10% of the book's royalties. Gould says he fed Sheehy material for four months while her agent and his lawyer haggled over financial terms for doing the book together. He charges that Sheehy's second *New York* magazine article—"Why Mid-Life Is Crisis Time for Couples"—was "lifted whole from an unpublished lecture of mine, with only a few minor changes," and that 57 passages from *Passages* were taken directly from his work. Sheehy says she made clear at the start that Gould was to be a paid consultant on her book, not a collaborator, and insists that the psychiatrist's mid-life lecture was "in the public domain and properly credited." Clearly she thinks she ought to be taken seriously as an independent researcher, but the ruffled professors think otherwise. For Gould, at least, there is some fiscal balm in the situation. With his cut of the \$250,000 paperback sale, he has already made \$35,000 on *Passages* before a copy has been sold.



A YANOMAMÖ CHEST-POUNDING DUEL & A RAIDER PAINTED FOR BATTLE
Echoes of Darwin in war, breeding and infanticide.



Beastly or Manly?

Anthropologist Napoleon Chagnon's first view of the Yanomamö Indians was partially obscured by a number of drawn arrows aimed at his face. The archers had huge wads of green tobacco jammed between their teeth and lower lips. Long streams of green mucus hung from their noses—the normal flow from a hallucinogenic drug that makes the normally aggressive Yanomamö even more touchy and menacing.

Though the Indians decided to spare Chagnon, who was then 24 and working on a Ph.D. at the University of Michigan, he immediately lost all illusions about noble savages.

That was in 1964. Chagnon eventually stayed 15 months with the 15,000-member tribe, which is spread out over 75,000 square miles in southern Venezuela and northern Brazil. Since then, Chagnon, now a Penn State professor, has spent four years among the Yanomamö, learning the language and chronicling a culture built around persistent aggression—browbeating, goading, ritual displays of ferocity, fighting and constant warfare. One village he visited conducted 25 wars in 19 months against neighboring villages, and a quarter of all adult Yanomamö males die in battle.

Chagnon's findings are anything but quaint notes on a primitive people. For one thing, the Yanomamö culture challenges the reigning academic theory that primitive wars are mainly fought over land, water or some other natural resource. What makes the Yanomamö anthropologically interesting is that all their wars are waged to capture women or in retaliation for such abductions.

Like many primitive peoples, the Yanomamö practice female infanticide—on the grounds that males are more valuable to a people always at war. Yet infanticide sets up fierce competition for marriageable females, both within and

among villages, and this in turn produces chronic warfare.

Implied in Chagnon's findings so far is a notion startling to traditional anthropology: the rather horrifying Yanomamö culture makes some sense in terms of animal behavior. Chagnon argues that Yanomamö structures closely parallel those of many primates in breeding patterns, competition for females and recognition of relatives. Like baboon troops, Yanomamö villages tend to split into two after they reach a certain size.

Through wife capture and polygamy, aggressive Yanomamö males produce the most children. Says Chagnon: "What the Yanomamö are doing makes a good deal of sense if you view it as a strategy to maintain reproductive fitness." The winners in Yanomamö wars—the largest villages—have the highest birth rates and the most inbreeding.

Long Effort. In Darwinian terms, animals compete for the unwitting purpose of getting as many of their genes as possible into the next generation. "In primates and all mammals," says Chagnon, "internal social organization results from the breeding system, and there's no reason to believe it's not true of humans. It's possible that war and marriage make sense in zoological terms, and Darwinian theory is applicable to human behavior."

However tentative and guarded, Chagnon's work is significant because it aligns him with the sociobiologists—a loose collection of zoologists, geneticists and social scientists who argue that evolutionary animal behavior can explain human behavior today. In extending the earlier findings of the ethologists, whose ideas a generation ago became popular with Konrad Lorenz, the sociobiologists assert that despite man's centuries-long effort to insist that he is distinctively different from his fellow animals, one proper study of mankind is beast.

Incarnations of Tobey

When he died of bronchitis in Basel last month at the age of 85, Mark Tobey had long been the favorite American painter of those who, in general, disliked American art. For them, Tobey was the quintessential expatriate: an old man of august refinement and blunt disposition who had settled in Switzerland 15 years before and proved his vision by amplifying it far from his roots on the Seattle coast.

Tobey's work, small in size, im-

HOWARD STAPLEY



MARK TOBEY (1956) WITH "WHITE WRITING"
An American greeted as an Orientalist.

menely subtle in drawing, seemed distant from the large canvases and bold polemics of most New York painting. He had run through a number of incarnations: he supported himself as an illustrator in Chicago and New York after 1908 and was for a time a social portraitist before turning to more general figure and street scenes in the '20s and '30s. But Tobey was best known for his "white writing"—visions of abstract space wrought in thousands of strokes by a fine Japanese brush and bearing a more than accidental resemblance to Oriental calligraphy.

By the '50s, a stereotype of Tobey

had emerged, and it was to affect his reputation in American art: the sage of the Pacific Northwest, perched on a misty grass, making exquisitely obscure calligraphic doodles. Tobey had worked for a year in China. At that time it was hardly possible for a painter to have done this without being regarded, in some circles, as a perambulating bodhisattva. Thus catchwords stuck to Tobey's images: "ineffability," "infinity," "the void." The language has dated; the paintings have not. They are, in fact, much more rigorous than it was usual to suppose. Tobey is no longer considered an interpreter of the Orient to the Occident; his calligraphy does not even look particularly Eastern, especially since it has no literal meaning. What we now enjoy is the atmospherics: the coalescence of minutely knitted, sharply registered flicks of line rendering a pulsation of light like that of the moon through rain or neon glow over Broadway.

Energy Beyond Confines. When Jackson Pollock, some years later, explored a similar kind of overall notation and weblake space, his paintings were seen as the epitome of American gusto. It is a curious irony that Tobey, another American painter, having converted city life—crowds, bustle, swift perspectives—into the primary image of his art in the '30s and early '40s, should later have been so monotonously greeted as an Orientalist by other Americans. No doubt this has to do with the intimate scale of his paintings. In any case, the best of Tobey's work reminds us that images of any size can bear truth and that energy is not limited by small confines. **Robert Hughes**

Icons of Pain

Few places on earth could have been less auspicious to artists than New Mexico two centuries ago. The borderlands of what Cortes had fondly supposed to be the gold-stuffed kingdom of Cibola, New Mexico was a backward, poor, remote fief of Spain, all but forgotten in Madrid. The Franciscan friars, whose missions had supplied the chief form of local government in the colony, had been withdrawn. Most of the white community leadership came from a group of masochistically deranged Christian fakirs, the Penitent brotherhood, whose way of praising their redeemer was to imitate his Passion by flogging themselves with wire-tipped scourges. It was not, to put it mildly, a humanistic culture, but it was still capable of producing art, of a coarse and vivid sort.

Last month a large exhibition of it went on view at the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego—"The Cross and the Sword," organized by Art Historian Jean Stern, a specialist in the art of the American Southwest. The 170 objects on

display, mainly *santos* or devotional religious images, provide a most suggestive picture of the culture of the place and period. The show is the main event of San Diego's bicentennial-year celebration.

The religious art is mainly of two kinds: *bultos* or wooden sculptures, and *retablos*, paintings on adzed panels. They are invariably primitive. Folk carvers of devotional objects in Europe had a whole bag of tricks, derived from professional sculpture, to lend variety to their images. But the *santos* of New Mexico are almost always frontal; they stare at you with the stiff, doleful air of prisoners not fully released from their original block of wood, and even a representation of the three-headed, one-bodied Holy Trinity (see color page) looks like a detail from a chain gang. This kind of rustic simplicity was partly dictated by the poor tools the carvers had at their disposal—sculpture was more a matter of whittling and hacking than of carving, since woodworking chisels were all but unknown.

Pieties and Terrors. Some artists—the professionals known as *santeros*—occasionally developed distinguishable styles. One such man, who flourished between 1805 and 1845, is called the "Chili Painter" for his habit of surrounding his figures with decorative borders of that fiery vegetable. But in general, whether Indian or Spanish, priests or laymen, the artists submerged their individuality in the demands of iconography. One does not look for subtlety of meaning in the *santos*. They are religious propaganda of the most basic sort: cult objects designed to hammer fundamental pieties and terrors into illiterate minds, heavily emphasizing suffering and violence.

Pain is much more readily conveyed by art than ecstasy, presumably because it is more tactile, and the *santeros* lost no opportunities to stress it. Saint Acacius, an early Christian warrior-martyr, is shown crucified in Mexican military costume, flanked by a V-shaped row of contemporary soldiers. The gaunt, hacked Christs drip blood by the pint, their rib cages and muscles have a flayed pathos that transcends the crudeness of carving and drawing; and in some pieces, like the articulated figure of the *Standing Christ*, with rawhide-hinged elbows, the imagery of pain acquires an immense expressive force. In some ways the weirdest *santos* of all were the penitential death figures, especially a fine 19th century death figure kneeling on a grave. The anatomy is haywire, the drawing childish; but this empty grinning totem of wooden bones, flagellating itself above a mysterious round stone, is as strange as any surrealist sculpture by Giacometti, filled with a sense of isolation—an image as suited to its desert as any cactus flower. **R.H.**



Kneeling Death Figure



Saint Acacius



The Holy Trinity



Head of Christ



Standing Christ

CINEMA

Low Life

STAY HUNGRY

Directed by BOB RAFELSON

Screenplay by CHARLES GAINES

and BOB RAFELSON

Uncle Albert may be daft—he carries a small pocket telescope to spy upon squirrels—but he is still concerned about his nephew Craig. Since the death of his parents, Craig (Jeff Bridges) has been living in the family home on a hill outside Birmingham, with only one black servant (Scatman Crothers) and a lot of pictures of himself for company. "It is time," Uncle Albert advises by letter, "to seek the comforts of your traditions." Craig's traditions are genteel Southern, wilted aristocratic, but they are small solace. What really compels Craig is what his deceased parents might have called "slumming." He is fascinated by the town oddballs, turned on by the low life at the bottom of the hill.

Craig and a pal from the country club get themselves mixed up in a real estate deal with a trio of bad-ass good ole boys who want to buy up a block of downtown property and build a high-rise. Craig's job is to purchase a rundown hangout for body building called

the Olympic Spa. The boys should have known better. Craig gets sucked into the strange rituals of the place, the exercises, the competition and—most of all—the mystical subculture of pumping iron. He makes friends with Joe Santo (played by Arnold Schwarzenegger, himself a former Mr. World and Mr. Universe), and starts an intimate exercise program with Mary Tate Farnsworth (Sally Field), an employee of the spa. The real estate deal gets less real, but Craig hardly gives it a thought. He is too busy searching for himself among the barbells.

Funky Spirit. It is an unusual place to look for truth, but Bob Rafelson makes movies (*Five Easy Pieces*, *The King of Marvin Gardens*) in which that search is always eccentric, the conclusion indefinite. Like Bobby Dupea, the runaway pianist of *Five Easy Pieces*, Craig is spiritually disenfranchised, in flagrant rebellion against his class. Craig revels in the funky spirit at the Olympic, and Rafelson, with his offbeat sense of humor, his knack for visual surprise, turns the spa into a suitably shabby field of honor. Joe Santo trains for the Mr. Universe competition by pressing weights in a Batman setup. The owner of the Olympic, a toupeed madman who



JEFF BRIDGES IN *STAY HUNGRY*
Searching among barbells.

calls himself Thor Erickson (R.H. Armstrong), spies on Mary Tate through a peephole in the floor, finally goes berserk after inhaling a noseful of poppers and, in the film's scariest scene, tries to rape her and murder Craig.

Stay Hungry is raucous, inventive and enterprising; it is also disheveled and dishonest. Rafelson presents Craig's peers as dissipated, insensate boozers, and his family as a tribe of implacable snobs.

Menthol Long: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Super King: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Nov. 75).

The
proud
smoke

Product of a proud land.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

By contrast, the Olympic crew seem like wholly admirable free spirits—and the match is not a fair one. Joe Santo is a connoisseur of cut glass, an accomplished fiddle player and something of an out-of-pocket philosopher. "I don't believe in getting too comfortable," he tells Craig. "Stay hungry."

Rafelson works cool wizardry with actors, and there are many good performances here, especially by John David Carson as one of the country-club louts and Gary Goodrow as a manager-promoter. The movie lingers, but it does not persuade. The characters are too pat, their predicaments too flexible and too easily surmounted. There is even a fairly conventional happy ending, something novel for Rafelson, but it rings false. Uncle Albert's advice to Craig may not have been out of place, after all. Rafelson might think it over too. **Jay Cocks**

High Life

SKY RIDERS

Directed by DOUGLAS HICKOX
Screenplay by JACK DEWITT, STANLEY MANN and GARRY MICHAEL WHITE

It is hard to comprehend why it required three writers to do this screenplay, when any reasonably bright nine-year-old could have managed it. The story is the stuff of convention: get some innocents (a mother and two children)

captured by some baddies (in this case lunatic political terrorists) and sequestered where they are rescue-proof by conventional means (a deserted monastery on top of an isolated peak). The whole idea is to make an improbable—and cinematically novel—rescue gimmick a logical necessity, and in this the screenwriters succeed.

How to snatch Mom (Susannah York) and the kids from their closely guarded aerie? By hang glider, of course. Happily, a barnstorming group of gliding fools is playing just down the beach (Greece is full of such folks in the summertime), and James Coburn is on hand to put two and two together and lead the night raid on the monastery.

Many a tricky wind current swirls about the place and, full moon or no, you really don't want to be swooping around mountainous country in those fragile contraptions. Still, Coburn is a brave fellow, a smuggler by trade, and strongly motivated—the mother having once been his wife and the eldest child being his. He must take what turns out to be a crash course in handling the gliders, and that is funny.

Once he and his new friends launch themselves on their mission proper, it turns out to be well staged and photographed, the beauty of the gliders aloft or the suspenseful silence of their descent on the wicked ones is impossible to deny. The concluding shootout, in



ON THE WING IN RIDERS

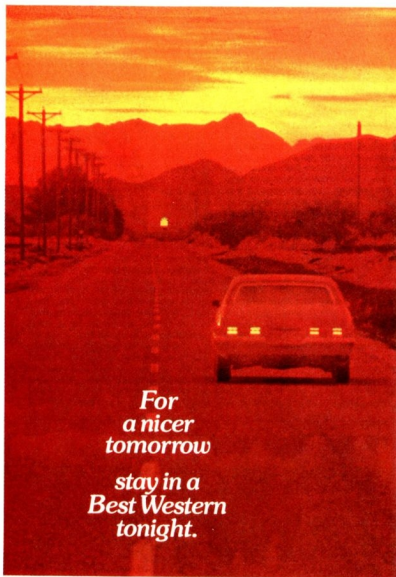
Escaping over mountains.

which the police and the army bumble up just in time to help, is also nicely handled, bloodshed and death being kept to a minimum instead of being dwelt upon in the modish manner.

You can safely take the kids to *Sky Riders* and have a nice, old-fashioned Saturday matinee kind of time yourself. The whole thing is nothing much, but since it is unpretentiously so, it ends up sort of special. **Richard Schickel**

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CINEMA

Children's Hour

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM
GRACE WITH THE SEA
Directed and Written by
LEWIS JOHN CARLINO

This unsavory brew of landlocked lechery and homicide has something—although not enough—to do with a Yukio Mishima novel. The book's spiritual narcissism and level tone of nightmare has been replaced here by the flossy look of soft-core porn, the pulpy dementia of a horror flick.

Jonathan (Jonathan Kahn) lives in an English village near the sea with his widowed mother, Anne (Sarah Miles). When he is not watching her undress through a knothole in his bedroom wall, he spends his time with a group of boys whose leader, known as the Chief (Earl Rhodes), is intent on molding his playmates into a fine bunch of kinky cryptofascists.

Jonathan's mother starts a perverted affair with an American seaman, Jim



KRISTOFFERSON & MILES IN SEA
Landlocked lechery.

(Kris Kristofferson), which her son also observes intently through his knothole. Jonathan liked Jim when they first met, thought him strong, worldly and commanding, but soon has a new viewpoint. Mom's sailor may have been fine on the ocean, where he was part of "the pure and perfect order of things," but away from his rightful place, he becomes an imperfect creature, a subject of jealousy and contempt who must be done away with. Jonathan consults the Chief, who had previously persuaded his minions to dispatch the family cat. The Chief sees no reason why the boys should not broaden their murderous horizons.

These rotten little kids are meant to carry the freight of the novel's frenzied bully-boy philosophy. In this hapless screen translation by Lewis John Carlino (a scenarist making his directorial debut), they just come off looking like second-class citizens of *The Village of the Damned*. Fortunately, it is impossible to take the movie seriously on any level. A film maker who uses pounding pistons and dripping hoses for phallic symbols is a threat only to himself. **J.C.**

The Perils of PCBs

Spring is usually a time of heightened activity along the Hudson River, as fishermen turn out in force to share in its bounty. But this year is different. New York State authorities have already closed the river to commercial fishing for striped bass, eels and several other species. Now, fish and game officials fear they may also have to forbid fishing for the roe-laden shad that are just making their appearance in the Hudson. Reason: the river is polluted with a particularly persistent and dangerous class of chemical compounds called polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs. Worse, despite remedial action by General Electric Co., the principal polluter, the Hudson is likely to be contaminated for years.

PCB compounds have been accumulating in the environment for more than 45 years. In commercial production since 1929, the colorless, odorless, syrupy PCBs were once widely used in industry as softeners in plastics, paints and rubber, as additives in printing inks, and in oils used in the preparation of laboratory slides.

Mine Field. Because of increasing questions about the safety of PCBs, their use has been almost exclusively confined in recent years to transformers and capacitors, in which they are sealed. The chemicals are ideal for these electrical devices because they are excellent insulators, highly fire resistant and good conductors of heat. GE uses the PCBs in equipment manufactured at its Fort Edward and Hudson Falls plants on the upper Hudson, about 45 miles north of Albany.

There was little concern about PCBs until 1968, when an estimated 1,600 Japanese came down with a baffling and painful ailment labeled Yusho (rice-oil poisoning). Their symptoms—skin eruptions, vomiting, inflamed eyes and palsy—occurred after they had eaten rice oil that had been accidentally contaminated by PCBs. Japan promptly banned almost all use of the compounds, even in electrical equipment, and suddenly everyone was wary of their presence. In 1970 the Campbell Soup Co. found high PCB levels in 146,000 New York State chickens destined for its products, and the birds—which probably picked up the chemical from contaminated feed—were destroyed. By 1972 PCBs had been found in every major river system in the U.S. The compound had either been discharged directly into the water by electrical equipment factories, or had been washed into the rivers by drainage from junked electrical equipment. In few places were PCB levels higher than in the Hudson, where GE's two capacitor plants had been dumping them at the rate of about 30 lbs. per day since

the early 1950s. In tests conducted last summer, striped bass, carp and other fish species were found to contain many times the allowed federal limit of 5 parts of PCBs per million. One eel was found to have 559.25 parts per million of the chemical—an amount so high that an adult who ate a 7 oz. portion would get 50% of his lifetime allowance of the substance in a single serving. Says Robert H. Boyle, a writer and longtime Hudson River fisherman: "Shopping in a fish market these days is like picking your way through a minefield."

Some Symptoms. The long-term health effects of PCBs on humans are still unknown. But GE has admitted that at least 65 of its capacitor plant employees have come down with some of the same symptoms as those exhibited by the Japanese victims of Yusho. The chemicals have also been found to cause cancer in laboratory animals.

Last summer Ogden Reid, New York State Commissioner of Environmental Conservation, issued a warning against eating Hudson River stripers. He also initiated action against GE to force the company to reduce its discharges to zero by next September. He was opposed by State Commerce Commissioner John Dyson, who argued that forcing GE to meet such strict standards could force the plants to close and cost badly needed jobs. Meanwhile a state-appointed hearing officer has been taking testimony from both sides in the case. In a 77-page interim opinion issued last February, Professor Abraham Sofaer of Columbia Law School found GE "overwhelmingly" responsible for

the PCB pollution of the Hudson and ordered it to take steps to reduce its discharges of the chemical. Sofaer also found that the state had "exercised insufficient caution and concern" in controlling PCB pollution of the river.

GE has already cut its PCB emissions to about 2 lbs. per day and is moving toward compliance with a federal permit that requires the company to lower them to 3.5 oz. by July of next year. The company has indicated that it is willing to help clean up the Hudson, and has offered the state some \$2 million for river reclamation and research. GE has also asked New York to exonerate it for its PCB discharges.

Though GE's offer is acceptable to some state officials, Reid objects to exoneration, feeling that the firm should be held responsible. Hearings that are still underway could resolve the question of GE's responsibility some time this week. But by the time they do, Reid will no longer be involved in the argument. Last week, citing the PCB problem as only one of his reasons, Reid resigned.

And Now, Cattlegate

A chemical cousin of the PCBs has also been causing problems these days. During the past two years, some 32,000 cows, more than 6,000 swine, 1,370 sheep and 1.5 million chickens, not to mention considerable quantities of eggs, cheese, butter and dried milk, have been destroyed in the state of Michigan after they were accidentally contaminated by a fire retardant containing polybrominated biphenyls, or PBBs. Furious farm-

WORKER LOWERING POISONED COW INTO BURIAL PIT IN MICHIGAN



ENVIRONMENT

ers, many of them near bankruptcy as a result of the poisoning, have accused state officials not only of failing to protect producers and the public against PBBs, but also of attempting to cover up the problem.

The PBB problem came to light in 1973 when Frederic Halbert, 31, a Battle Creek dairy farmer who holds a master's degree in chemical engineering, noticed that his cows did not seem to be eating much and that the herd's milk production had dropped dramatically from the normal 13,000 lbs. per day to 7,600 lbs. When veterinarians were unable to diagnose the problem, Halbert decided to study it for himself. By giving calves feed from half a dozen different sources, he traced the ailment to a product purchased earlier that year from Farm Bureau Services Inc., a subsidiary of the cooperative Michigan Farm Bureau. After spending \$5,000 of his own funds on laboratory tests and long-distance phone calls, he learned that the feed had been contaminated by PBBs that had been inadvertently substituted for a mineral additive. Halbert had to destroy 800 of his cows when his herd was quarantined in 1974.

Cover Up. Since the PBB contamination was discovered in Michigan in May 1974, Farm Bureau Services and Michigan Chemical Corp., which produced the PBBs, have settled 500 claims from farmers at a cost of \$30 million. Some 300 more claims are pending, and even more may be filed. Though researchers have yet to make any direct links between PBB exposure and illness in humans, several farmers claim that they and their families have been affected by the chemicals, and have suffered from headaches, dizziness and sore joints.

Farmers angrily maintain that state officials have tried to cover up the scandal, which is already being referred to as Cattlegate. Gerald Wolter, 39, who has lost 600 cows because of PBB contamination during the past two years, feels that the state agriculture department was indifferent to early reports about PBB poisoning. Other farmers are irate over the department's decision to allow farm products with currently allowable PBB levels to be sold. Says Alvin Green, 58, of Chase, who shot and buried 150 cows last November: "I don't think it's right to put this food on the market for human consumption."

Agriculture department officials contend that farmers have exaggerated the extent of PBB contamination, and have used it in a few cases as an excuse for poor livestock management. They also insist they have found no detectable levels of PBBs in any milk, cheese or dried milk sold at retail since June 1974. Governor William Milliken has moved to resolve the dispute by ordering an investigation. But even as the Governor's probers were beginning their work, officials quarantined three dairy herds because of PBB contamination.

THE PRESS

Ear-Say

Is President Ford's idea of a taste treat a dollop of horseradish sandwiched between two thick slabs of Bermuda onion? Was a certain Southern Congressman pinched for making an illegal proposition to a plainclothes Washington policewoman? Did Ethel Kennedy playfully run her white convertible over the curb in front of the Senate Office Building and nearly cancel Pedestrian Roger Mudd of CBS?

The answer is yes, or so says The Ear. Since its first appearance ten months ago in the Washington *Star*, this brassy if not classy daily oracle has be-

Seidman and Iranian Ambassador Ardeshtir Zahedi, have worn these badges of celebrity in their lapels.

The Ear is getting a hearing outside of Washington, too. It now appears in 60 mostly medium-size dailies whose editors sense an appetite among readers for capital chatter. "New York's Great White Way is not so bright and glittering any more," says Bill Bondurant, managing editor of the Fort Lauderdale *News*. "The center of gossip today is Washington."

The worst kept secret in Washington is the identity of the supposedly anonymous authors of The Ear, Diana McLellan, 38, and Louise Lague, 28, both

Star feature-story writers. McLellan, a perky Englishwoman who came to the U.S. 19 years ago, and Lague, a tall (5 ft. 8 in.), Rhode Island-born former reporter for the now defunct Washington *Daily News*, stay out of the limelight. Unlike other professional gossip collectors, they avoid parties and are rarely seen at fashionable restaurants. Their first trip together to swank Sans Souci got them, in Lague's phrase, a table in "Haute Siberia." "Our work is done on the phone," says she. "We check our items. We don't run rumor, and we don't run anything we don't think is true."

What Perks. The Ear does run, with unflagging good humor and no apparent qualm, numerous corrections. Says Washington *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee: "It's highly unprofessional and highly readable."

Bradlee should know, for nothing perks The Ear more than a chance to mention the O.P. (Other Paper, i.e., the

Post), and the Fun Couple (Bradlee and his roommate-reporter, Sally Quinn). Bradlee has said he would fire any *Post* staffer caught whispering to The Ear ("I'd consider it a conflict of interest"), but O.P. items keep coming. The only success Bradlee has had in plugging The Ear came last winter, when *Star* Editor James Bellows, who dreamed up the feature and watches over it carefully, wanted to run a column to which the *Post* had rights. Bradlee assented, provided The Ear not mention the Fun Couple for a month. Exactly one month later, Ben and Sally were items again.

Will the O.P. fight back? The Ear may have had the last word on that, too: "Ear hears that the Other Paper is trying to figure out how to start an Ear-like column, but with more taste. Why not call it Mouth?"



STAR PAIR DIANA McLELLAN & LOUISE LAGUE
Theirs is the "fun of a snitch."

come the most talked-about gossip column in a town that takes chitchat to heart. The Ear draws more phone calls and mail than any feature in the paper and is cited as a factor in the financially troubled *Star's* 6% circulation gain over a year ago. "The wickedest thing to hit Washington since the last Administration," wrote one fan. "You're a dirty fun of a snitch," said another. A local socialite is planning an "Ear Ball" honoring Washingtonians mentioned in the column. The *Star* mails a gold-colored ear-shaped pin to all whose names have appeared, and some capital notables, including Presidential Assistant William

*The *Star*, which has been losing \$1 million a month, announced last week an agreement with ten unions for layoffs of 200 employees and a freeze on wage increases through Dec. 31, moves expected to save the paper \$6 million a year. Also helping its fiscal picture is a 22% ad lineage increase over the first three months of 1975.

Remember when you were in such a hurry to grow older?



At the time, thirteen seemed like a silly age. It was so... *young*.

And since growing up was taking so long, you decided to hurry nature along, and become Very Mature instantly.

As it turned out, the years didn't need any hurrying at all. The girl above trying to look like a Woman is *now* a Woman—and probably wondering, like yourself, how she got there so fast.

You can't postpone the future.

If all that time can fly by so fast, imagine how quickly the *next* several years will pass.

That's why we'd like to urge you to get ready for them.

And that's where Metropolitan Life can help.

We don't just insure your life. We help insure your future.

Let's say you're planning to send your children to college someday. If you take out your own Metropolitan policy, that can help pay for it.

Or maybe you've chosen a career instead, and you have an eye on a business of your own someday. Your Metropolitan insurance can help make that possible, too.

And, of course, men aren't the only people who retire. Women do, too. Your Metropolitan insurance can help make a secure retirement possible, too.

In fact, two out of every three dollars we pay out in benefits go

to *living* policyholders to help pay for their future.

She who hesitates pays higher premiums.

At Metropolitan Life, we insure over forty million people. We've been helping people prepare for the future for 107 years. But while much has changed over that time, one fact about personal life insurance is always the same:

The sooner you begin, the less it costs every year.

See your Metropolitan representative. Soon.

Because the future gets closer every minute.

Metropolitan
Where the future is now

"OKAY, OL' BUDDY... CATCH
Y'ON THE FLIP FLOP...
GO AHEAD, COOL LADY...
BREAK ONE THREE..."



THE BODACIOUS NEW WORLD OF C.B.

This cotton-picker name of Red Vine from the Dirty Side was rolling a pregnant skate through Watergate town one day when he passed the home twenty of lady breaker First Mama. There was no city kiddy so, mercysakes, Red hammered off, keyed his rig and called "Breaker one-niner for KUY-9532." Negative copy. That foxy lady wasn't hanging out, didn't have her ears on. Good buddy told her anyway, "You truck 'em easy now, Apple Betty. Eighty-eights and ten, roger and out."

To the owners of 15 million Citizens Band radio sets, and some of the millions more who have become familiar with CB language from records and TV shows, the message was loud and clear: a nontrucker from New York City, whose CB nickname is Red Vine, was driving his Volkswagen through Washington when he passed the White House, home of fellow CB-Owner Betty Ford, whose radionym is First Mama (TIME, May 3). There were no cops around, so he slowed down and tried to reach her on his set, using her FCC-issued call number, but got no response. The attractive First Lady was not monitoring her set,* so Red Vine reminded her to drive safely, wished her love and kisses and signed off.

The cryptic, demotic jargon—and the Arkahoma accent in which it is invariably delivered no matter where in the U.S.—may seem outlandish to many. If so, they had better hang easy and adjust to it. From 8 to 10 million more CB sets will be sold in 1976, which with extra equipment could amount to some \$2.5 billion worth—nearly as much as total sales of TV sets. One of

*Or perhaps was listening in on one of the other 22 frequencies that CBers can tune to simply by switching a TV-like channel selector.

the biggest manufacturers, Hy-Gain Electronics Corp. (maker of Betty Ford's rig), reported that 1976 first-quarter sales quintupled those for the same period in 1975. A \$2.95 paperback CB dictionary has sold more than a quarter of a million copies. "CB Land," as enthusiasts call it, is served by a babel of newspapers, magazines, thousands of clubs and a lobby in Washington. The cult's most celebrated recent convert after Betty Ford is Snoopy, who has found solace with CB in the *Peanuts* strip.

Three of the biggest U.S. electronics manufacturers decided this year to enter the lucrative market for what the song *The White Knight* described as "that Japanese toy, that trucker's joy." Most 1976 American cars can be bought with the sets installed; nearly half of all trucks in the U.S. are CB-equipped. The cost is relatively low—from about \$90 to \$350 for a serviceable set and antenna—and CB is simple to install in a truck, car or boat, drawing its power from the vehicle's battery. The same units can be plugged in at home with inexpensive DC inverters to cut house voltage down to the 12 volts needed to go on the air. Portable units cost even less. The FCC estimates that in time there will be 60 million licensed CB sets in operation. As one industry executive says, "The more people are on the air, the more people want to join them on the air."

Without doubt, simple, low cost, ubiquitous radio conversation represents the biggest explosion of communications since the invention of the telephone. Its cultural impact may not be as pervasive as television's, but in an odd way, it is a creative one. TV is, after all, a nonparticipant pastime. CB radio, by contrast, is a two-way medium that enables everyman to write his own script. It has not only nourished a proliferating vocabulary that threatens to outdate any dictionary of American slang within months; as well, it catalyzes an egalitarian, anti-authoritarian philosophy that has never been expressed in this fashion before. In the TV series *Movin' On*, hit records like C.W. McCall's *Convoy* (which sold 5 million copies and is to be made into a film) and the movie *White Line Fever*—all of them CB oriented—the good guys v. the cops is a basic theme.

Such considerations were far from the collective mind of the FCC in 1945, when it set aside a sliver of the broadcast spectrum for the noncommercial use of ordinary citizens such as hunters, boaters, construction teams and farmers ranging far from homes and telephones. The first CB license was not granted until 1947. In the next quar-

GEORGE W. HALE



TEEN-AGE NEW YORKER & RIG

ter-century, only 850,000 CB licenses were issued. Then came the 1973 oil embargo, speed limits were dropped to 55 m.p.h. ("double nickel" in CB argot) and truck drivers installed the units to warn each other of lurking cops ("smokey bears") and radar cars ("Kojak with a Kodak"). Television news picked up the story, and the rest is hysteria.

Chaotic Delay. In January 1973, there were 26,682 CB license applications; in January 1975, 79,375; in January 1976, 544,742. At Gettysburg, Pa., where the FCC processes the applications, conditions have been hardly less chaotic than they were in July 1963. Unopened envelopes overflowed into the ladies' lounge; the FCC fell two months behind. Last month the agency moved to cut the delay by allowing anyone who buys a set to obtain an immediate temporary permit on mailing in \$4 and an application form.

While CB "radiddio" is widely used by truckers and ordinary drivers to warn of speed traps ahead, the network is highly esteemed by highway patrols and police for its ever-increasing role in reporting accidents, crimes, stolen cars, fires, traffic tie-ups, even reckless drivers ("Harvey Wallbangers"). Several volunteer organizations of CBers have sprung up to monitor the air waves and provide round-the-clock emergency services. The biggest, called REACT (for Radio Emergency Associated Citizens Teams), claims more than 70,000 members in all 50 states, Puerto Rico, seven Canadian provinces and West Germany. Since its formation in 1962, REACT

claims to have handled 35 million emergency calls, including 12 million highway accidents.

The social and economic background of CBers is changing rapidly. Once populated mostly by truckers and blue-collar hobbyists, CB land is attracting growing numbers of businessmen and middle-class families who use the sets for safety and information. CB is also a "bodacious" (in CB lingo, super, fantastic) way of relieving freeway tedium—so much so that truckers' use of amphetamines has declined drastically in recent years. Ordinary drivers tend to be as evangelistic about the medium as oldtime gear jammers. "When I'm on the road these days," says New York Businessman Lawrence LeKashman, "I'd sooner leave the spare tire behind than my CB." Enthusiasts predict that CBs will some day be required equipment on all cars.



PATRICIA SCHEY ("KISSY FACE") TALKS TO HUSBAND ("HUGGY BEAR") IN MADISON, WIS.

The macho world of CB is part soap and part horse opera. Says Amitai Etzioni, the eminent Columbia University sociologist: "A CB allows you to present a false self: to be beautiful, masculine, tall, rich, without being any of those things. Like the traveling salesman who drops into a singles bar and says he's the president of his company, a person can project on the air waves anything he wants to be." The person who installs a CB set and adopts a "handle" (nickname) and starts "modulating" on the air, is creating a character and reaching out to others while still maintaining anonymity. Adds Etzioni: "People in our kind of society, torn from our roots, want to relate without fully investing ourselves in a relationship, as we would if we joined a church group or worked on a campaign. With a CB, you can have personal contact with the turn of a dial. It is very controllable and protects you from getting too involved."

CB is a godsend for many shut-ins and others who are isolated from the community. For some enthusiasts, like Mrs. Patricia Schey ("Kissy Face") who monitors her "home base" 16 hours a day in Madison, Wis., it is more of a passion. Almost everyone, however, responds to what Manhattan Psychoanalyst Joel Kovel calls "CB's element of voyeurism." That aspect of the CB phenomenon has not been lost on Mitchell Brothers, the porno-film producers. They recently released an opus with the self-explanatory title *C.B. Mamas*.

Potty Mouths. The real CB land has more sinister denizens. Police departments across the country report that mobile radios are being used increasingly in holdups and burglaries. CB sets themselves have become the favorite target of street thieves; 500 CB thefts were reported in Los Angeles during a three-month period. Game poachers use CB to outwit conservation officers. Though the California department of fish and game frequently changes its code, admits one officer, "poachers seem to know what we're doing before we do." Prostitutes ("pavement princesses") who plug their charms on CB have become so common that there is even a song about them, *Rosie on the Ridge*.

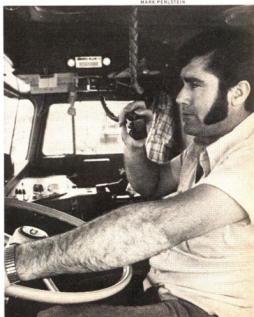
Potentially even more annoying is the widespread abuse of the channels—especially by so-called potty mouths using obscenities. The language on the Los Angeles air waves, says a sheriff's department engineer, Henry Richter, "is filthy. It's a disgrace; it's like a gutter." "Uncle Charley" or "Candy Man," as CBers call the FCC, also has a major problem with broadcasters who illegally use "hamburger helpers," or linear amplifiers, to boost the output of standard 4-watt transmitters beyond their normal range of five to ten miles. Their beed-up blat can splatter normal television and radio reception. Yet another migraine for the feds is CBers' use of what they call "SBC," for "sick bird channel"—"ill eagle" (illegal) use of channels reserved for vital services.

CB's existing 23 channels are already badly overcrowded in metropolitan areas. Even Channel 9, which is supposed to be reserved for emergencies, is often invaded by mindless chitchatters

("ratchet-jaws"). Says James McKinney, FCC's deputy chief of field operations: "I have a feeling that by 1979, all I'm going to hear is one loud buzz." The FCC is working on a short-term solution: to expand the band to as many as 115 channels. But even that would be little more than, so to speak, a Band-Aid. Eventually, authorities agree, they will have to find a place on the radio spectrum for a second-generation band with 200 or more channels.

These problems are to be expected in so radical a coupling of social change and technological innovation. Questions about CB's influence have not even been formulated. With a "good buddy" system of 100 million or more Americans speaking compulsively in inelegant private tongues, what will happen to the language of Jefferson and Henry James? Will future presidential candidates have to campaign by mike from the expressways—and learn to call them "double slabs"? Or will the whole CB cult simply go the way of goldfish swallowing and Hula-Hoops?

Talk Shows. That fate seems unlikely. CB provides too many valuable uses and affordable comforts to fade out. From Nastyville to Tricky Dick's—Nashville to San Clemente in pre-CB parlance—the new radiduo offers a kind of openline talk show that entertains and instructs while conveying at best a genuine feeling of neighborliness never before associated with highway driving. "When you're riding around and listening to these people," says a Manhattan disc jockey, "what you hear is America at its best." Well, not always. But there is a bodacious new world out there, and its people are talking to one another again and even exchanging eighty-eights.



WISCONSIN TRUCKER ON THE AIR



LIVINGS IN SCENE FROM POE

Last Voyage

"I would much rather have written the best song of a nation than its noblest epic." So said Edgar Allan Poe, the 19th century American poet, teller of horror tales and inventor of the detective story. A vulnerable sort, tormented by melancholy and eventually by drink, he was infatuated with the mystery and dramatic power of music. Years after his death in 1849, composers—Sousa, Rachmaninoff, Debussy—found themselves equally fascinated by the music of his words.

In his new opera, *The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe*, Minneapolis-based Composer Dominick Argento, 48, has chosen to treat not the author's creations but his life. Introduced brilliantly last week by the innovative Minnesota Opera Company in St. Paul, the opera takes Poe's death as its starting point.

He was found lying on a street in Baltimore, near delirium, dying. In his last contact with friends, in Richmond, he had said he planned to take a boat to Baltimore. No record of the sailing was ever found. Argento and Librettist Charles M. Nolte have used that mysterious boat ride to construct a metaphorical voyage of self-discovery: Poe, the crazed poet, relives his loves, sins and miseries.

Grin Waters. In essence, Argento and Nolte have written an opera for the music lover who also enjoys the dreamscapes of Fellini and early Bergman. Moods billow like the Dry Ice currents that lap across the stage, suggesting waters as grim as the Styx. Characters are

rarely who they seem to be. Even Poe is not always sure who or where he is. His antagonist is a shadowy character named Griswold—based on Poe's vindictive literary executor, Rufus W. Griswold—who seems to be lago here, Mephistopheles there, even turns into Poe himself.

The music is a mix of serialism and tonality that saturates the evening with multiple layers of consciousness. Argento's orchestral score, in a masterly interpretation by Philip Brunelle, can be as gruff as Strauss at one moment, as ethereal as Debussy the next, sometimes underlining the drama at hand while simultaneously anticipating events to come. Most important, Argento can write for the voice. *The land beyond*, a second-act aria for Poe's wife Virginia, is almost Mozartean in its poignant simplicity. Virginia died of consumption at 24. In the opera she is resurrected, but after singing her aria, she dies again. It is an enviable role that allows the soprano to die more than once, and the limpid-voiced Karen Hunt makes the most of it. But it is the men who dominate Poe, as they do in operas like *Otello* and *Don Carlos* by Argento's idol, Verdi. Tenor George Livings (Poe) and Baritone John Brandstetter (Griswold) go at each other with sonorous hatred.

Poe is Argento's eighth opera, and as fine as any ever written by an American. Its success is an appropriate sequel to the Pulitzer Prize he won last year for his song cycle *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*. He is a rarity among composers in that he knew nothing about music until age 14 (when he read a book about Gershwin), and did not begin piano lessons until 16. Three years later he was a piano major at Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory of Music. The first summer he read the letters of Mozart. Recalls Argento: "I don't know exactly why, but I do know that when I came back to school that fall after reading those letters, I was a composer." No doubt about it.

William Bender

Summer Storm

"To love, all ages owe submission," wrote Alexander Pushkin. In his first major work in eight years, Choreographer Sir Frederick Ashton, 69, has adapted for Britain's Royal Ballet *A Month in the Country*, the Ivan Turgenev play about the foolish love of an older woman for a young man. Far from sad and tormented, however, Ashton's musing on middle-age folly emerges as an airy confection of elegant humor, bittersweet lyricism and charm.

In its mood and rural setting, *A Month in the Country* is kin to Ashton's *Enigma Variations*, his last important ballet, created before he retired as the Royal's director. This time Ashton's gift

for evoking another age is enhanced by a musical collage of Chopin. Julia Trevelyan Oman conceived the costumes and pale beige and blue furnishings of the sumptuous dacha, with ladies in flowing skirts and gentlemen in ivory frock coats. This is quite the prettiest ballet to light the stage of the Metropolitan Opera in some time and a highlight of the Royal's current U.S. tour.

Love's Power. Lynn Seymour dances the role of the vivacious Natalia, languishing in the midst of her family through the pastel days of summer. Her irrepressible son Kolia—danced with gymnastic virtuosity by Wayne Sleep—bounces his ball and rockets up in corkscrew jumps. With the entrance of Kolia's tutor Beliaev (Anthony Dowell), the sky outside darkens. Ominous chords sound in the orchestra and the curtains flutter—all of which seems to signify more than just a passing storm. Immediately Mama is smitten, as is Vera, her young ward, portrayed by Denise Nunn, whom Ashton plucked from the corps to complete his triangle.

There are no heroes or villains in *A Month in the Country*, only human beings submitting ruefully to love's power. Seymour, an inspired actress, almost dances words as well as feelings. Ashton is one of ballet's supreme storytellers. His pas de deux resemble poems. Dowell dances a sonnet with Natalia, a schoolboy's idyl with Vera, a naughty couplet or two with a coquettish maid. The clear dance designs, all curves and spirals, are infused with his classic sensibility. Let us hope for many another Ashton delight.

Joan Downs

SEYMOUR & DOWELL IN ASHTON BALLET



More cigarette VS. your cigarette.

1. Is your cigarette as long and as lean as our cigarette for more pleasure, more style?
2. Does your cigarette draw as easy as our cigarette for more tobacco enjoyment?
3. Does your cigarette smoke slower than a 100 mm cigarette for more smoking time?
4. Does your cigarette come in a burnished brown wrap so it looks as good as it smokes?
5. Does your cigarette sit neat in your hand like it was made for it and fit your face like it found a home?
6. Does your cigarette give you all this yet cost no more than a 100 mm cigarette (which means more for your money)?

If the answer to all these questions is yes, your cigarette is probably More. Because there's only one cigarette that's so much more. More.

The first 120mm cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

When you can serve
a scotch that tastes
this good,
you don't mind
spending a little...less.



Grand Macnish Scotch

The smart money scotch

An Unfinished Woman

SCOUNDREL TIME

by LILLIAN HELLMAN

Introduction by GARRY WILLS

155 pages. Little, Brown. \$7.95.

When she was subpoenaed in 1952 to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Playwright Lillian Hellman made a firm decision. She would tell committee members whatever they wished to hear about her own political views and activities, but she would not discuss the real or imagined subversions of anyone else. In a letter to HUAC Chairman John S. Wood,

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY WILLS



ord, Hellman's lawyers leap to distribute copies to the assembled reporters. Minutes later a voice is heard in the press gallery: "Thank God somebody finally had the guts to do it." More than a little bewildered, Hellman is dismissed after a mere 67 minutes.

Not that her troubles were over. Screenwriting jobs dried up overnight. She was forced to sell her beloved farm in Pleasantville, N.Y., and, at a particularly low ebb, clerk in a Manhattan department store. *Scoundrel Time* does not dwell on these privations or, for that matter, anything else. It can be read in roughly the same amount of time Hellman spent with HUAC. Yet its understated fury is unforgettable.

Her targets are not the HUAC members and such headline-grabbing inquisitors as McCarthy and Richard Nixon. Rage is reserved for those—such as Clifford Odets and Elia Kazan—who named names before congressional committees and liberals who allowed their distaste for Stalinism to excuse the home-grown trampling of civil liberties during the late 1940s and early '50s. "None of them," she writes, "has yet found it a part of conscience to admit that their Cold War anti-Communism was perverted, possibly against their wishes, into the Viet Nam War and then into the reign of Nixon, their unwanted but inevitable leader."

Such absolutism is not entirely attractive nor is the inference that Hellman alone had a monopoly on conscience. This tone makes *Scoundrel Time* read like a morality tale set in a vacuum.

Those who wish to learn how things reached the nadir that Hellman lived through must look elsewhere. The introduction by Garry Wills, a revisionist view of the cold war as a figment of the American mind, does not provide much illumination.

Still, Hellman does not pretend to cover all the complexities of what she calls that "sad, comic, miserable time," and the very single-mindedness of her narrative yields an intense, moving moral. She was brave because her private code would not allow her to be anything else. She dabbled in radical politics and befriended Communists because she thought it was her right as an American to associate with whomever she damn well pleased. She paid heavy dues for that belief. But if her troubles put lines on her face, they also put a face on her lines. *Scoundrel Time* is a memorable portrait of, in her own phrase, "an unfinished woman," a polished stylist and an invaluable American.

Paul Gray

TOP: AUTHOR HELLMAN; BOTTOM: HAMMETT TESTIFIES TO SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE (1953)
"I cannot cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions."

she declared: "I am not willing, now or in the future, to bring bad trouble to people who, in my past association with them, were completely innocent of any talk or any action that was disloyal or subversive . . . to hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is, to me, inhuman and indecent and dishonorable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions . . ."

This approach seemed calculated not merely to ask for trouble but require it. If she agreed to talk about herself, Hellman waived Fifth Amendment protection and invited a contempt citation and jail because of her silence about others. Her lover Dashiell Hammett, who had just served a prison term for contempt, warned her that she was courting a martyrdom much worse than she imagined. He scolded, "Just remember there are rats in jail, and tough dykes, and people who will push you hard just

because they like it, and guards who won't admire you, and food you can't eat, and unless you do eat it, they'll put you in solitary." Hellman remained obdurate. She would not even let her lawyers inform the committee about past attacks on her work by the Communist press: "In my thin morality, it is plainly not cricket to clear yourself by jumping on people who are themselves in trouble."

Laconic Anticlimax. Her moment of truth with HUAC forms the heart of this slim memoir, Hellman's first—and long-anticipated—public word on her brush with McCarthyism. Two earlier autobiographical volumes, *An Unfinished Woman* (1969) and *Pentimento* (1973), ignored this subject. Yet when the crucial scene in *Scoundrel Time* comes, it is a laconic anticlimax. The committee seems flummoxed by Hellman's strategy. When the chairman asks that her letter be read into the public rec-

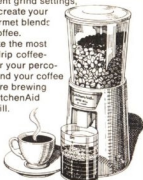
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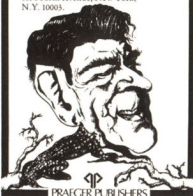
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BOOKS

The Inscrutable Soviets

RUSSIA

The People and the Power

by ROBERT G. KAISER

499 pages. Atheneum. \$12.95.

THE RUSSIANS

by HEDRICK SMITH

527 pages. Quadrangle. \$12.50.

The American view of Russia has been refracted over the last half-century through layers of repugnance, infatuation, loathing, horror, suspicion, complacency—and now, in doubts about détente, by suspicion again. It has run a course from Lincoln Steffens' fatuous "I have been over into the future, and it works" to the nightmares of John Foster Dulles. In imagining Russia, Americans have always had a tendency to project their own illusions upon a wall of blank ignorance.

Falling Bricks. The ignorance is understandable: the Soviet Union keeps itself as difficult to read as a Five Year Plan. Partly for that reason, the American curiosity persists, especially in the ambiguous atmosphere of Soyuz-Apollo, grain deals, Angola and the apocalyptic visions of Alexander Solzhenitsyn in exile. Also involved, of course, is the fascination of one great power with its rival.

It is a measure of that interest that Hedrick Smith's *The Russians* has climbed almost instantly onto the best-seller list. By rights, it should be sharing the distinction with Robert Kaiser's *Russia*. Smith's work is more rigorously organized, richer in anecdote; Kaiser's a bit broader, more discursive, and given to larger generalization. Both books, superb exercises in political-travel jour-

ROBERT KAISER



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BOOKS

nalism, give Russia what it has always lacked for Americans: a complicated human reality.

Smith and Kaiser served identical tours in Russia from 1971 to 1974—Smith as Moscow bureau chief for the New York Times, Kaiser as bureau chief for the Washington Post. Both were relegated to Moscow's ghetto for the foreign press. Necessarily, their accounts overlap; they frequently describe the same events—the two were the first foreign newsmen to interview Solzhenitsyn, for example—and even the same routines by Comedian Arkadi Raikin.

Both authors agree that the Soviet system works—miserably. Russia, writes Kaiser, is a superpower that lacks even a basic network of good roads. The Soviets have exploited the greatest advantage of their authoritarian system in concentrating vast resources upon narrow goals—defense and space, for example—but otherwise have built an economy that is preposterously inefficient and corrupt. Industrial plant directors bent upon fulfilling the Plan adulterate their products to increase quantity. Pills come out at half-strength. A canning engineer admits: "If we add less sugar to the jam, we can produce more canned goods and meet the Plan." Window panes are often made so thin that most are shattered before they can be installed in apartment complexes that begin losing bricks just after the tenants move in. (Jutting screens are sometimes installed above the first floor to catch the falling bricks.)

Exotic Wines. The Soviet elite enjoys opulent privileges. Writes Smith: "An entire department of the Party Central Committee known by the innocuous title of *Upravleniye Delami*—the Administration of Affairs—and with a secret budget, operates and equips an extensive stable of choice apartment houses, country dachas, government guest houses, special rest homes, fleets of car pools and squads of security-trained servants for the power-elite." Politburo members and national secretaries of the Communist Party use black Zil limousines, hand-tooled and worth about \$75,000 each. A network of unmarked stores caters to the Soviet aristocracy. Its stock: rare czarist delicacies like caviar, smoked salmon, export vodka and exotic wines, choice meats. Those stores also carry foreign goods the proletariat never sees: French cognac, American cigarettes, Japanese tape recorders—all at discounts. Including relatives, Smith estimates, these indulged shoppers amount to several million. Everything is *maskirovannoye* (masked)—the guilty secrets of privilege.

All of it works by *blat*—influence, clout. Military families intermarry—so do scientific families, party families, writers' families. A Soviet old-boy network promotes its children's careers. Teachers can be intimidated to give better grades to sons of the powerful. According to Smith, "Russians themselves

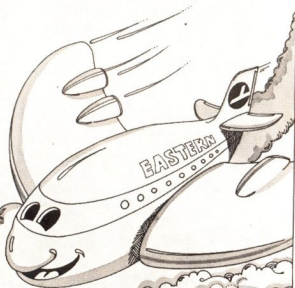


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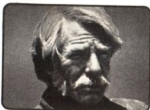
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HEDRICK SMITH IN RUSSIA
Hustling on the left.

comment that the upper-class feeling to-day increasingly seems like Russia before the Revolution."

The unprivileged get along with what for Americans seems an odd delicacy. But both Kaiser and Smith point out that for the majority of Soviet citizens, the minimal comforts of housing—however cramped (10 ft. sq. per person, by Lenin's edict)—and a regular diet—however spare (sausage, potatoes, cabbage)—are better than they had before. Especially to those older Russians who lived through the hunger of the war, conditions now seem acceptable. There are even hints of affluence—a few self-service stores, prepackaged goods. Some citizens feel rich enough to afford wigs, pets and face-lifts. The wait for a car, however, is one to five years.

On the Left. For Russians, shopping is an endless, degrading and sometimes adventurous experience. The rule is that if you see a line forming, you immediately join it and only inquire then what is being sold—choice items go too quickly to hesitate. The KGB is sullenly omnipresent, of course, though Soviets no longer fear so much the knock in the middle of the night. The people possess a highly developed, anarchic talent for beating the system. They arrange paper marriages so that a man or woman can get legal-residency documents for Moscow, widely considered the most desirable place in the Soviet Union to live. (The capital gets top priority on all consumer goods, for one thing.) They contrive incredibly complicated apartment swaps in a country where housing is still disastrously scarce. When they have babies, they circumvent rigid hospital rules: new mothers dangle strings out of their windows, and their husbands tie parcels of food to them. Hustling *na levo*



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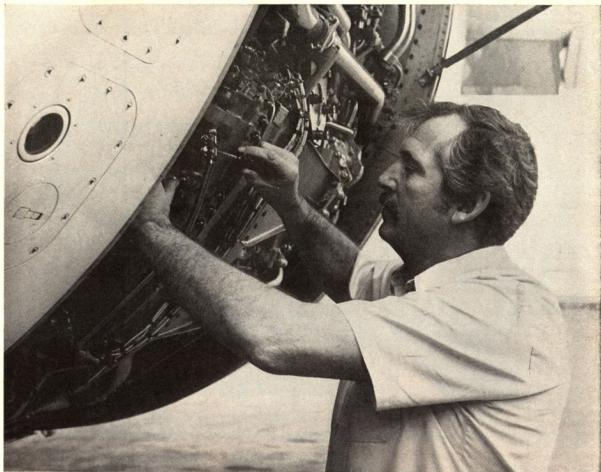
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Now & then.

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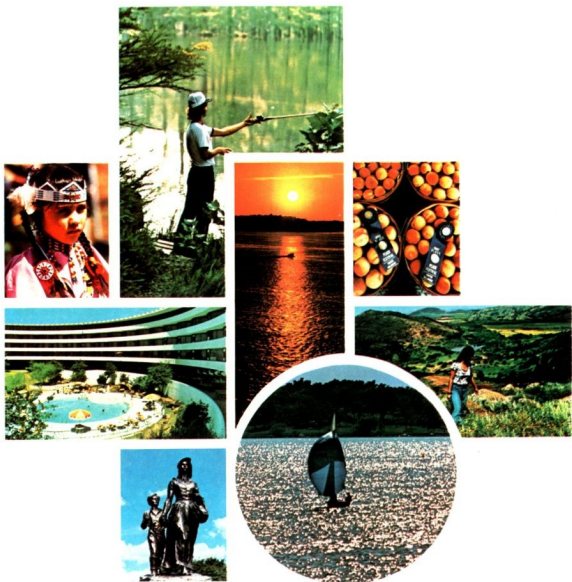
Not to replace your scotch or vodka or whatever. But to substitute for it, now and then.

Of course you might cause a slight lowering of voices and raising of eyebrows.

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Try it on the rocks.



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(on the left) is a way of life. It encompasses using government limousines as gypsy cabs and a thousand other winked-at subterfuges.

Kaiser and Smith are at their best with the unique character of Russians—their glazed and hostile public faces that dissolve in private in almost alarming conviviality. Their sentimentality and love of children—the obsessive way in which a *babushka* watches a child in a playground to make sure its rump never touches the snow. Their alcoholism—vodka bottles come with tear-off metal tops, and the bottle, once opened, must be finished. Their chilling fear of strangers and even friends—the result of long experience with informers.

Like the Weather. Corruption and mistrust inhabit any society. But, as Kaiser says, "Russia really is different." It missed the Renaissance and Enlightenment. It draws upon a deep tradition of authoritarianism, and half expects it. In any case, Russians may profoundly fear the alternative, which they see as anarchy. To many Soviet citizens, the U.S., with its unemployment, racial troubles and apparently frenetic politics, is paying too high a price in instability. Oppression in the Soviet Union comes, at last, to be an expected natural force, like the weather. For Russians mistrust individualism. As a people they have a massive sense of inferiority and vulnerability—they have been threatened and conquered too often. Smith and Kaiser note the irony: dissidents may always grope for the democracy of the West. But the Soviet heart is no longer a rebel. Today's Russian revolution is a series of fitful individual protests. It is not precisely the "class struggle" that Karl Marx had in mind.

Lance Morrow

Best Sellers

FICITION

- 1—1876, Vidal (1 last week)
- 2—Trinity, Uris (2)
- 3—The Gemini Contenders, Ludlum (3)
- 4—The Boys from Brazil, Levin (4)
- 5—Kinbacks, Alther (10)
- 6—The Choirboys, Wambaugh (6)
- 7—A Stranger in the Mirror, Sheldon
- 8—Curtain, Christie (9)
- 9—The R Document, Wallace (5)
- 10—Saving the Queen, Buckley (7)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein (1)
- 2—World of Our Fathers, Howe (2)
- 3—The Russians, Smith (3)
- 4—Spandau, Speer (4)
- 5—Doris Day, Hachner (5)
- 6—The Adams Chronicles, Shepherd (6)
- 7—A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson (7)
- 8—The People's Almanac, Wallchinsky & Wallace
- 9—Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, Martin
- 10—The Rockefeller, Collier & Horowitz (9)

THE THEATER

Inward Journey

THE BELLE OF AMHERST

by WILLIAM LUCE

compiled by TIMOTHY HELGESON

The candlelight of a questing spirit can shame the sun. The luminous portrayal of Emily Dickinson by Julie Harris does this with piercing beauty.

This is a monodrama artfully pieced together from the 19th century poet's poems, letters and reclusive life. Dickinson's was an inward journey, an intrepid exploration of the heart, the mind and the soul. The only tracks she left were her finest poems.

Americans get both nosy and fidgety when a genius like Dickinson fails to "go public" like a common stock. The idea of solitary, unapplauded artistic effort as its own reward seems unnerving. Ferreting scholars have turned out reams of speculation about her poetry's springing from unrequited love, particularly for a married minister named Charles Wadsworth. But Emily was a cloistered New Englander, and she knew how to keep her secrets.

She also knew the lonely burden of her quest:

*To fight aloud is very brave
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom.
The cavalry of woe.*

The artist struggles with intractable materials—in the writer's case, words—to bring forth a new birth of consciousness. The pain is the passion. If the work lives, the birth is successful. From the minutiae of the constricted world Dickinson knew—tending her father, cooking, the muffled gossip of Amherst, Mass., in the 1870s and '80s—she built a bridge to the transcendental mystery of existence. At her best, she succeeded. What makes Julie Harris' performance so moving is that she perceives and conveys these moments of transcendence.

T.E. Kalem

Imperator Submersus

REX

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK

Book by SHERMAN YELLEN

To see this musical is like watching a marauding shark becalmed in a suburban swimming pool. As an actor, Nicol Williamson radiates a sense of imminent danger, mercurial passion and magnetic authority in such a way that he could be every inch the awesome monarch that Henry VIII was. But in *Rex* he is submerged in a book that swamps that masterful Tudor reign with research-soaked tedium.

The drift of Sherman Yellen's book

is that Henry divorced or beheaded wives in quest of a male heir. Actually, there was a son, Edward VI, who died at the age of 16. Scanting the versatile Renaissance man, Yellen paints the portrait of a male chauvinist executioner. This takes on a particularly heavy irony at the end, when we see Elizabeth seated on the throne. Everyone in the audience knows just how glorious the reign of Henry's daughter is to be.

Burnished Swords. Indeed, the only point at which *Rex* catches fire is a scene in which father and daughter (Penny Fuller) match warring wills like burnished swords. Fuller also plays Elizabeth's mother Anne Boleyn. As Anne, Fuller is a mettlesome enchantress who makes Henry's furious desire understandable. Singing in a warmly melodious baritone, Williamson enhances his tenderest moments in the show.

As for the music, Richard Rodgers is incapable of writing an ungratifying tune. But several of the numbers seem more suited to rocking a cradle than stirring a realm, and Sheldon Harnick's lyrics confuse sparseness with childlike. The dances, choreographed by Dania Kruska, are derivative and few.

Since Nicol Williamson is one of the acting comets of the age, other shows will doubtless bring him to other kings. One can easily imagine him as the intellectually introspective and acerbic philosopher king of Pirandello's *Henry IV*. And he could be a storm to measure storms by on the fate-blasted heath of *King Lear*.

T.E.K.

NICOL WILLIAMSON IN *REX*



The Faltering Gray Line

"A Cadet will not lie, cheat, or steal nor tolerate those who do." So states the honor code at the United States Military Academy at West Point. This week trials begin for 49 cadets, each of whom will try to prove to a board of Army officers that, in fact, he did not breach the code while preparing a homework assignment. The cheating scandal, the largest at West Point since 1951, when more than half the football team was involved, has rocked the academy's self-image, while raising serious questions about the code.

Honor Boards. The charges stem from a take-home assignment given in March to 800 junior-year cadets in the Electrical Engineering 304 course. When instructors noticed that groups of papers had unusual similarities they asked the 88-member Cadet Honor Committee to investigate. In the end, 49 cadets were exonerated and 49—by unanimous votes of twelve-member honor boards—were found to have violated the code; three other cadets have admitted their guilt and resigned. Those of the 49 cadets tried and found guilty will be dismissed unless either the Superintendent of the Academy or the Secretary of the Army overturns the verdict.

The scandal has touched off both criticism and of strong cadet support for the code. According to Plebe John Cook, the strictly enforced code "means you can trust each other completely." Adds Senior Cadet Hank Keirsey: "It's just something you accept absolutely. People's lives depend on our integrity." But

another cadet complains that the "code doesn't really develop integrity because it is based on fear."

Cadet Honor Committee Chairman William Andersen argues that the code is weakened when the automatic punishment of expulsion is meted out without consideration given to the circumstances of the violation. When asked to vote on the issue last February, 55% of the cadet corps were in favor of easing

the code if there were mitigating circumstances. The measure failed to carry, however, because it fell short of the required two-thirds majority.

The trials could go on until August. In the meantime, the 49 accused cadets are living a normal West Point existence. They are not being officially shunned, because the traditional punishment of silence—which forbade other cadets to eat or speak with anyone who had violated the honor code—was abolished in 1973. "No one is talking about bringing that back," said Brigadier General Walter F. Ulmer Jr., commandant of cadets. But, he added, "I'm sure there are individual cadets who will decide not to go to a movie or a restaurant with those 49." Says one of their classmates: "I'd just as soon stay away from them."



HONOR COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN BILL ANDERSEN
Raising serious questions about the code.

In a separate case, a plebe claims that he has been harassed by his fellow cadets since the West Point superintendent overturned a ruling that he had committed an honor-code violation last August. Steven R. Verr had been accused of lying to other cadets when asked why he was crying outside the mess hall. He told them that his parents had been injured in a car accident, but later admitted the tears resulted from frustration and hunger. A long-distance runner who claims he needs extra calories, Verr said he had been kept from finishing a meal by upperclassmen—a hazing ritual at the Point. Since the superintendent's ruling in March, Verr claims that, among other things, his mail has been opened or marked "Returned to sender."

MILESTONES

Engaged. William L. Calley, 32, former U.S. Army lieutenant whose 1971 conviction for murdering 22 Vietnamese civilians was overturned, then reinstated by the federal courts; and Martha Penelope Vick, 29, buyer for her father's jewelry store in Columbus, Ga., whom Calley met five years ago; in Columbus, where Calley is now on parole, working for a construction company.

Married. The Rev. James E. Groppi, 45, activist Roman Catholic priest who marched for civil rights in the 1960s, against the Viet Nam War in the early 1970s, and later drove a Yellow Cab in Milwaukee to finance his studies at Antioch's Law School; and Margaret Rozga, 30, lecturer and doctoral student in English literature at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee; in a civil ceremony in Las Vegas on April 22. Father Groppi is now excommunicated and banned from performing priestly functions. If the Vatican should give him per-

mission to become a layman, the decree of excommunication could be lifted, and he could eventually be married within the church. Both Groppis hope for absolution and this week have an appointment to talk with Milwaukee Archbishop William Cousins.

Died. Sir Carol Reed, 69, famed British film director who excelled in portraying the loner (*Odd Man Out*, 1946; *The Man Between*, 1953) and in melodramas of suspense (*Night Train to Munich*, 1940); of a heart attack; in London. At 29, Reed won the praise of Critic-Author Graham Greene, with whom he was to collaborate on some of his best and most atmospheric films, notably *The Fallen Idol* (1948) and *The Third Man* (1949), starring Orson Welles and Joseph Cotton. Sir Carol's first musical, *Oliver!*, though not a favorite with critics, won an Oscar as the best movie of 1968 and another for him as the best director.

Died. Marshal Andrei Antonovich Grechko, 72, towering Soviet Minister of Defense and a member of the Politburo; of an apparent heart attack; in Moscow (see THE WORLD).

Died. Richard Hughes, 76, Welsh author best known for his 1929 novel *A High Wind in Jamaica*, a shocking fable about the evil that innocent children can do; of leukemia; in Merioneth, Wales. In the 33 years after *A High Wind*, a perennial bestseller, Hughes wrote only one novel before he began *The Human Predicament*, an ambitious trilogy of historical novels set between the World Wars. In *The Fox in the Attic* (1962), the first volume, England, Germany and the rise of Hitler are seen through the eyes of a young aristocratic liberal, who continues to observe and philosophize about the politics of power in *The Wooden Shepherdess* (1973). At the time of his death, Hughes was working on the final volume of the trilogy.



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You rub your right hand over the seat. It occurs to you that this LeSabre is the most luxurious car you've ever owned.

You think about how much easier it'll be to get those two maddening deck chairs into the trunk with all the other stuff you take on your annual safaris.

You scan the instrument panel. You feel pretty smart for buying a car with so many good things standard—power disc brakes, power steering, automatic transmission. You're glad you bought a Buick.

You aren't even at your driveway, and the kids have

spotted the car. As you pull up and stop, your wife emerges from the side screen door, smiling broadly. You are sure she's never looked more beautiful.

You get out and the kids get in. With a courtly flourish you open the door for your wife, assuring her that she'll get a chance to drive.

You're back in the car again, heading down the street to nowhere in particular, not really caring that the side door back home is wide open.

You're not sure you should let the dog sit on the seats.



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